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# THE NEW REPUBLIC

SEP 1 1983

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*by Sidney Blumenthal*

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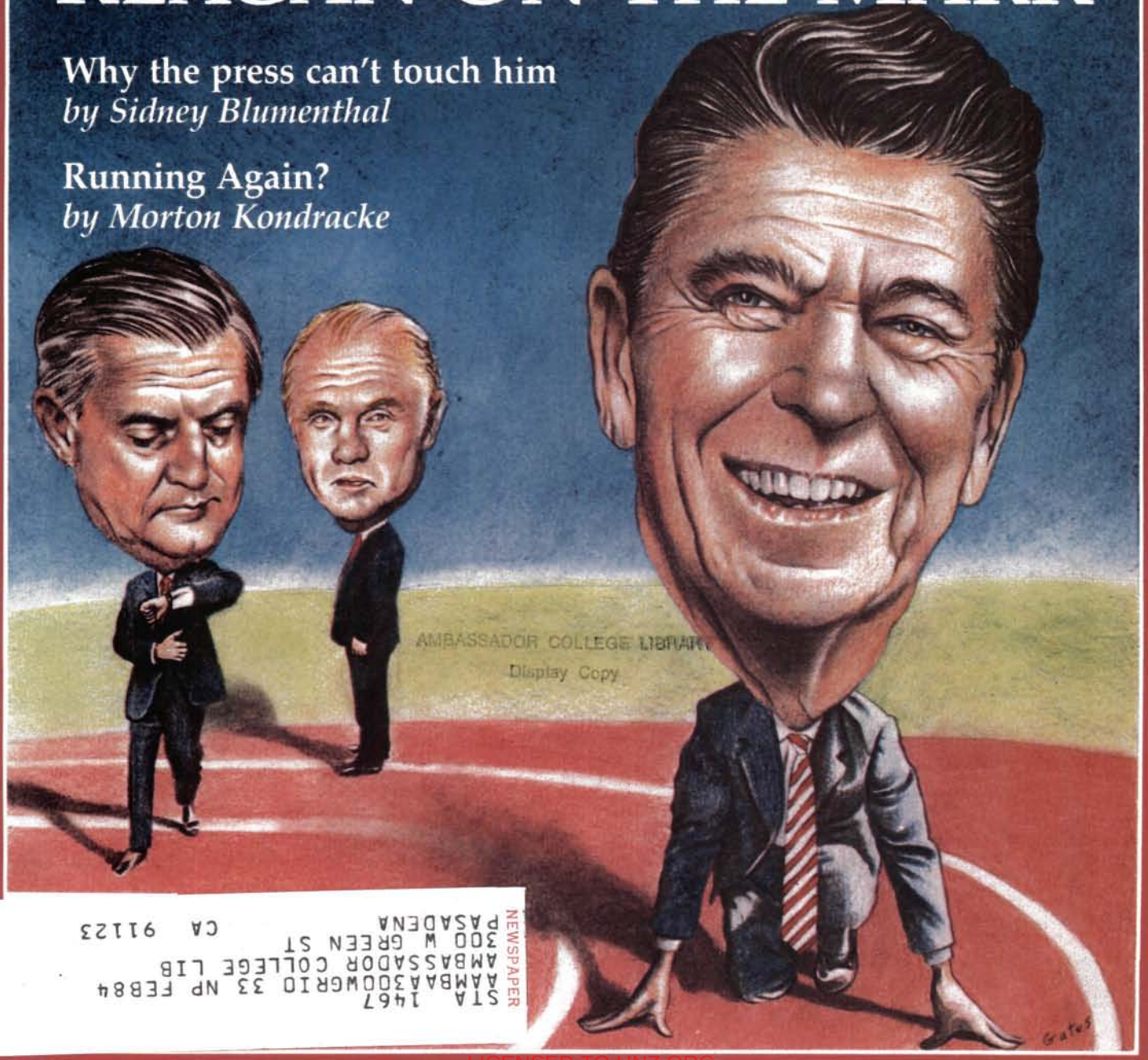

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# Robert Coles on INTELLECTUALS

For many years, as I have worked, trying to understand how all sorts of families make do, often against considerable odds, I have written articles and books for interested fellow citizens. Soon enough, I have received the expected responses. But on one score I confess to perplexity, even alarm — an absence, almost total, of reaction when it comes to an entire side of my work. I refer to the descriptions I've rendered of the religious thoughts and feelings of the children and adults I've come to know.

All I need do, it seems, is come up with a social conclusion, make a psychological generalization, attempt a literary analysis, try portraying a certain kind of personal or regional life, and there are thoughtful (appreciatively or reprovingly so) correspondents willing to share their evaluations publicly. But when I have tried to describe how, say, an old Spanish-speaking woman from northern New Mexico, or a Southern black child, or an Appalachian white child, or a small-town working-class man happen to feel about Jesus and His words and deeds, then the result is either the silence already mentioned, or rarely, a puzzled, frustrated truculence: "I don't see why you get yourself into all that religious talk! If you're trying to prove that people are superstitious, or need a crutch, then a page is enough, not a chapter or half a book!"

In my own case, the attention given religious faith is held even more suspect because I'm a psychiatrist — and so, presumably, "educated" and "perceptive" enough (so I was told in another friendly letter!) to "know better"! I should be what an intellectual ought to be — someone who analyzes how others think and feel, who gives reasons for one or another moment of history. The civil rights struggle, for instance: I ought have kept my mind on the various "variables" that prompted it.

Meanwhile, there is this young man from Birmingham, Alabama, speaking in 1965: "I don't know why I said no to segregation. I'm just another white Southerner, and I wasn't brought up to love integration! But I was brought up to love Jesus Christ, and when I saw the police of this city use dogs on people, I asked myself what Jesus would have done — and that's all I know about how I came to be here, on the firing line!"

Intellectuals also need to document how people's beliefs prompt them to live their lives. And I fear that when I started doing that I learned something about myself and my kind — how arrogant and self-centered we risk becoming: interested in our own heady assertions, and anxious to be the spokespersons for all those others, who don't write and teach and come up with new ideas, but who rather, try to go from one day to the next, and who yes, in large numbers indeed, keep calling on Jesus, not the intellectuals, for guidance. —from the June 1982 **NEW OXFORD REVIEW**.

If you are interested in exploring the beliefs behind the "data" — in probing the deeper religious feelings embedded in our lives, however much we try to ignore them — if you want to *understand* what moves a Martin Luther King Jr., a Lech Walesa, an Archbishop Romero, a Mother Teresa, a Dietrich Bonhoeffer, a Polish Pope, a Simone Weil, a Dorothy Day, a George Orwell, then you're ready to look into the **NEW OXFORD REVIEW**. We are spearheading the renewed interest among today's intellectuals in what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." Robert Coles writes a regular column called "Harvard Diary," and like him, our writers — Peter L. Berger, J.M. Cameron, Erazim Kohák, Juli Loesch, Dale Vree, and others — express themselves with clarity, verve, style, and "heart." Published monthly, we have been praised by *Newsweek* for being "thoughtful," and the *Library Journal* predicts we will "doubtless command increasing attention."

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## SHROUDED IN MYSTERY

*To the editors:*
Tom Bethell ("A Challenge to Materialism," TNR, August 1) characterizes scientific materialism as an antireligious ideology which underlies most of the ills of the modern world. He is unable to make the important distinction between materialism as a world view held by scientists and nonscientists alike and the materialism of science which is an axiom applicable only within the realm of science. Science is materialistic, or naturalistic, in that its purview is limited to the physical, material universe which it seeks to explain in terms of natural causes. The investigation of supernatural phenomena lies outside the realm of science. Therefore, science can neither prove nor disprove the existence of God. The rules of science dictate a strict materialism when it comes to theorizing within science, but they do not preclude scientists from believing in the existence of things beyond the reach of scientific testing.

Scientists may also be *ideological* materialists, denying the existence of God and nonmaterial forces in the universe, even though such matters are beyond scientific investigation. But the development of materialism as an ideology, and of science as "the only constructive creed of modern times," has been more the work of nonscientists (Herbert Spencer, H.G. Wells, and Marx come readily to mind) than of scientists. Mr. Bethell lays too much blame on science for the evils and aberrations of the world caused by materialistic ideologies. It is like blaming Alexander Graham Bell for the existence of obscene phone calls.

Mr. Bethell believes the published conclusions on the shroud of Turin strongly support its identification as the actual shroud of Christ. He does not mention that there are dissenting opinions from some investigating scientists or that, contrary to his assertion, there have been sound proposals as to how the negative image on the cloth might have been fabricated. All the evidence is not yet in, the most important being a carbon-14 date of the cloth which can establish whether it is closer to five hundred or two thousand years in age. At this point, any scientist, materialist or pluralist, should reserve the right to suspend judgment on its authenticity without being accused of defending the hegemony of a dying materialistic ideology.

JAMES A. HOPSON
*Chicago, Illinois*

*To the editors:*
Speaking as a scientist who is also a devout United Methodist, I must sharply dissent from Tom Bethell's review. Mr. Bethell lumps together all those who believe in God and the scientific method as the anti-evolution "scientific pluralists," or, good guys. According to Mr. Bethell, if you don't accept creationist or shroud of Turin dogma, then you must be a "materialist," or bad guy, who wants the world to worship the scientists (i.e., the materialists themselves). In short, you are either in Mr. Bethell's camp, or you are trying to take over the world.

Mr. Bethell asserts that creationists are "scientists." To some extent this is true, but science is not a seamless web. When a biologist, or geologist, or astronomer tells me the world is only five thousand years old I will take notice, but I have yet to hear of such a statement. The opinion of, say, an engineer or physicist means little. The most troubling implication of creationism, moreover, is the implication that God is a liar. The trees and rocks and stars speak as eloquently as scripture of the majesty of God. To those with ears, they also speak of a universe billions of years old. To deny this is to say that God, who speaks in many voices, is a liar and charlatan, speaking falsely. Mr. Bethell is not troubled by the weightier theological problems of his position: he just wants to mock the scientists.

MARK S. PAINTER
*Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

*To the editors:*
I learned a great deal from Tom Bethell's remarkable review. I did not realize that science was behind wars and exterminations (affairs in which religion, of course, has never been involved). Furthermore, science is also behind the evils of genetic engineering, with its wicked production of insulin and other medical drugs.

Still, even given this distressing track record, I might be interested in giving science a chance. While Mr. Bethell may eagerly look forward to influential ayatollahs roaming the earth, telling people what is right and what is wrong, I would prefer a society where people can think, discuss, and eventually decide their own future. After all, common sense, rational thinking, and an open exchange of information is what science is all about. It may not operate perfectly all the time, but if Mr. Bethell's arrogant view of dissipating faith in science is true, future human society really will need a miracle.

THOMAS E. HETHERINGTON
*Columbus, Ohio*

## LEGISLATORS' LIBIDO

*To the editors:*
Your editorial "Sexual Congress" (TNR, August 9), with its tone of smug, superficial sophistication (Come on—we all know that Representatives screw around. What's the big deal?) does a lot to confirm my belief that your journal becomes more addled by the week.

The piece in question begins by noting that the Representatives committed their transgressions years ago. If you think that is a mitigating circumstance, I hope you're never put in charge of prosecuting Nazi war criminals. Then the editorial enlightens us about Representatives, who are a "libidinous" bunch in no position to pass judgment on their peers. Never mind that the House of Representatives seems to have grasped a fact that the editors of TNR haven't—that Representatives aren't expected not to have libidos, but just, like the rest of us, to control them. You also feel called upon to explain "sex and reality." It seems that all seventeen-year-olds are not innocents. Well golly! If that doesn't justify Messrs. Studds and Crane having sex with pages, I'm a backwater hick who has no business subscribing to THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Finally, we are told that Representative Crane's support of the squeal rule is what should bother us, not his indiscretions with teenagers. Wrong. If you can't be bothered by the exploitation of one child, how can you be bothered about the rights of many? Even a consenting seventeen-year-old needs to be shown that society condemns adults who take advantage of the sexuality of children.

ANNA GAUBATZ
*Longview, Washington*



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FROM WASHINGTON

## TRUTHS UNSPOKEN

Perhaps the most dismal news we have heard in months here in the capital of the free world (except for the indictment of an All-Pro defensive back for the Redskins on a cocaine charge) is that all three living ex-Presidents, along with all of their Secretaries of State, will testify before Henry Kissinger's commission on Central America policy. *That's* the way to get fresh thinking, innovative ideas, break the old molds. Why not also all living ex-members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, or all living chairmen of the Foreign Policy Association (if that's not a contradiction in terms)? Or, for that matter, the Archbishop of Canterbury?

Anyone who reads with even minimal competence could write the ex-Presidents' testimony before it's given. We must stand fast against the incursion of Marxism in this hemisphere (Nixon), we must support human rights and oppose poverty and injustice (Carter), and we must do neither too much nor too little of both (Ford). And so forth.

It all points up a dismal fact, perhaps now structurally a part of our political system, given its intimate connection to the cathode ray tube: no public figure dares to speak hard truths if he wants to avoid ridicule and electoral defeat. And since no one wants to risk that, the truths go unspoken by those who could make them stick.

That was the burden of the message the other day at one of those longer-than-usual conversations which the August recess permits. The other conversationalist was Peter Peterson, who has done his time in industry, government, and Wall Street—including successful tours as a C.E.O. and a cabinet officer. He has always taken issues seriously (which may be one reason he is no longer either a cabinet officer or a C.E.O.), and on this day he was talking about The Budget as a source of our continuing economic ills. He talked of deficits, Social Security, federal pensions, defense, and taxes; and, along with these, he mused about a deeper issue: why is there hardly anyone—particularly anyone running for President, including the incumbent—who will tell tough truths? Fritz Hollings has come close, Peterson says, but no one else talks in terms of a freeze on all spending except for the poor, who have been cut enough. That led to another thought: maybe five or ten public-minded folks ought to get together and run for office, prepared to lose, but able to get some space—ink and videotape—for some simple ideas.

First of all, take Social Security. Since the Greenspan Commission, we have settled back, assured that the problem has been solved. According to Peterson, though, any assumption that the Social Security crisis is "solved" is based on several wildly optimistic assumptions, and at least one willful refusal to see part of the problem. The refusal, he notes, is to include hospital insurance (Medicare) in any of the assumptions. The standard answer from those who want to see the problem go away is, "It's not really part of the system." Peterson observes that the program is called OASDHI, which stands for Old Age and Survivors, Disability, and Hospital Insurance. Once more, when the "system" was in trouble in 1982, a little interfund borrowing—$12 billion from HI—kept the OASD solvent. HI may be the black sheep, but it can get the family in trouble. Medicare is projected to account for 75 percent of the entire Social Security deficit by 1990.

As for the assumptions, they are beyond mere optimism. They include, for the next forty years, low unemployment, a high growth rate, an increase of 15 percent in the fertility rate, and, most remarkable of all, a flattening life expectancy—this in the face of both a 30 percent increase at age sixty-five in the past forty years and an explosion of medical progress aimed at the very diseases that inhibit a longer lifespan for the middle-aged. It is possible that *some* of those things will happen; it is sheer

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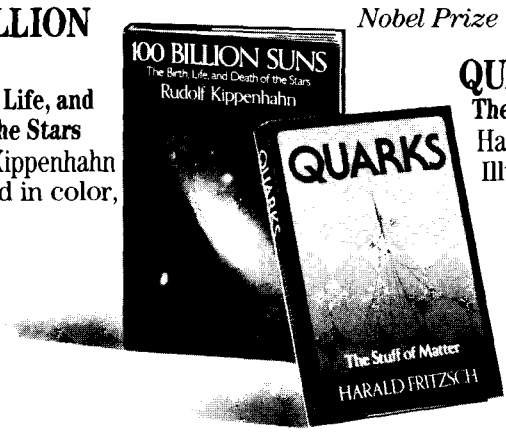


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THE NEW REPUBLIC
SEPTEMBER 12, 1983

# MURDER IN MANILA

"I don't want to regret—when it's too late—that I decided to play it safe." Those were the words of Benigno S. Aquino Jr., the political opponent feared most by the president of the Philippines, soon after his arrival in the United States three years ago. Mr. Aquino and Ferdinand E. Marcos attended the same law school, joined the same fraternity, belonged to the same Liberal political party. Both came from an enlightened ruling class, unusual in the Third World, for combining anticommunism and a dedication to democracy. But Mr. Marcos contrived to become a dictator; Mr. Aquino stayed a democrat. When Mr. Aquino refused to "play it safe," and returned to the Philippines on August 21, he met sudden death at the hands of a person or persons whose identity and motive remain a mystery. His murder was an ominous and chilling event—not only because of the ugliness of the crime itself, but because any real hope for a peaceful, pro-Western, democratic evolution of Philippine society may have been gunned down with him.

Mr. Aquino did not have to go home when he did. But he'd heard that the Marcos regime was fraying and that the succession struggle had begun in earnest. *The Wall Street Journal* and *The Washington Post* both described Mr. Aquino's exile as "self-imposed." In fact, Mr. Marcos did the imposing. He imposed martial law in September 1972, aborting the presidential election Mr. Aquino was favored to win. He imposed imprisonment followed by a military trial on Mr. Aquino—nominally for "Communist subversion" but actually for the pernicious crime of popularity—keeping him in prison for eight years before allowing him to leave for coronary surgery in the United States. He imposed a death sentence during Mr. Aquino's exile, accusing him of sedition and blaming him for his own troubles at every opportunity.

Mr. Marcos also imposed himself on the rest of the society. After winning two terms as president—the constitutionally prescribed limit in what was once a model of democracy in the developing world—he devised an imaginative form of rule he called "constitutional authoritarianism." This meant that as a self-appointed authoritarian he could destroy the constitution. He cut off freedom of the press and of assembly, labor's right to strike, and, of course, free elections. Though he ended martial law in 1981, the most repressive provisions remain in force. Mr. Aquino became Mr. Marcos's most hated enemy and his greatest threat precisely because he offered a reasonable alternative. He represented a focus for moderate, democratic opposition in an archipelago increasingly beset by violent discontent. Mr. Aquino had moral force where Mr. Marcos had brute force.

Some critics of Mr. Marcos have accordingly suggested that he might have had reason to see Mr. Aquino killed. The "security" guards escorting Mr. Aquino onto the Manila airport tarmac shot the purported assassin twenty-two times. He will tell no tales. Mr. Marcos's complicity can't be ruled out. But it seems unlikely that he would sanction such an inept and politically harmful act. The assassination has cleared the way for ambitious generals who, with Mr. Aquino removed from the scene, might be tempted to dictate their own succession. One of these generals may have seen the murder of Mr. Aquino as a way of damaging Mr. Marcos while getting rid of his most popular rival. Furthermore, chaos within the opposition can only temporarily ease the challenge to the incumbent. Ultimately the assassination will strengthen the hand of extremists and pro-Soviet guerrillas—whose complicity can't be ruled out either. They will push for an escalation of violence in the absence of a credible alternative.

There are traditions of martyrdom and radicalization in the Philippines, traditions of which Mr. Aquino was acutely aware. In 1872 Spanish overlords executed three innocent priests, igniting the chain of events that led to liberation (from the Spaniards) and insurrection (against the United States) by the end of the century. Mr. Aquino defied the advice of many in returning from exile—assuming the passport name of Bonifacio, a famous Filipino martyr—to face the pending death penalty. "I don't want my country to go the way of Iran and Nicaragua," he said three years ago. Hence he hoped to confer with Mr. Marcos, but expected incarceration. In the statement he



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was to deliver to supporters gathered for his arrival, he wrote that he considered it "the duty of every Filipino to suffer with his people especially in time of crisis." "I seek no confrontation," he had planned to declare. "I only pray and will strive for a genuine national reconciliation founded on justice."

The Philippines assuredly has an urgent need for reconciliation, to say nothing of justice. The economy is staggering under the weight of foreign debt. Sporadic news accounts indicate that insurgency continues in rural areas and especially in the southern regions, sharpened by Moslem-Christian rivalries. The historical roots of agrarian dissent will make Communist influence difficult to contain, as a distinguished Philippines scholar recently wrote in these pages (see "Compadre Colonialism," by David Joel Steinberg, TNR, October 4, 1982). The leader of the powerful Catholic Church called on Mr. Marcos to resign a year ago. Students have long resented the heavy hand of Mr. Marcos. If Mr. Aquino had little effect while alive, his death may help spur Mr. Marcos's downfall. With generals tripping over one another to succeed him and rebels tapping sources of discontent, the possibility of an emergent regime hostile to the United States looms large.

That would pose a profound threat to the interests of the United States, as Mr. Marcos well knows. American influence with China depends in no small measure on the Subic Bay Naval Base (a crucial Pacific depot) and Clark Air Field (which helps cover the Indian theater and the Persian Gulf). Mr. Marcos, sixty-five years old and suffering from a serious kidney ailment, has exploited America's narrow options in the region to direct U.S. attention away from his human rights violations and toward military and economic assistance. The Carter Administration set aside its early reservations, consummating a five-year, $500-million aid agreement the week before the 1980 election. The Reagan Administration had few initial reservations, and this summer, at Mr. Marcos's urging, renegotiated the aid package up to $900 million over five years.

THE PHILIPPINES is the classic case of an authoritarian dictatorship with which the United States is obliged, for geopolitical reasons, to stay on reasonably good terms. But there is no reason why the United States government should not make clear its preference for democracy. The Reagan Administration has not done that; instead, it has succeeded in identifying the United States ever more closely with Mr. Marcos. Vice President George Bush found him so congenial that in July 1981 he lavishly toasted his "adherence to democratic principle and to the democratic processes." Last fall President Reagan feted Mr. Marcos and his wife, Imelda—who is persistently rumored to seek her husband's dictatorial mantle—on their visit to Washington. On a recent tour of Asia, Secretary of State George Shultz somehow derived equal quantities of inspiration from the Afghan freedom fighters and the Filipino first couple. Now the chances for a democratic succession seem remote. The Administration acknowledged this belatedly by calling the murder of Mr. Aquino "cowardly and despicable" and condemning it "in the strongest possible terms."

Still, Mr. Reagan and his advisers have not yet found reason to postpone the President's scheduled visit to the Philippines during his November swing through Asia. There is little doubt that Mr. Marcos's propensity for repression has only received encouragement from the Administration's friendliness. And he has taken to posturing brazenly, saying that he would tilt to the Soviets unless the renegotiation of the already generous aid package proceeded smoothly. This Administration has made a habit of embracing authoritarian dictators—not only for geopolitical purposes but also because of a belief (not always unjustified) that "traditional" authoritarianism provides a stable basis for democratic evolution. The case of the Philippines exemplifies the limits and potential pitfalls of this approach. Far from evolving into a nationalist hero, Mr. Marcos has failed miserably to acquire the moral legitimacy held by his fierce foe Mr. Aquino.

Whether or not Mr. Marcos was behind the assassination, Mr. Reagan should cancel his trip to Manila, to show his displeasure at Mr. Marcos's manifest inability to prevent foul murder despite foreknowledge of plots against Mr. Aquino's life. (Presidential spokesman Larry Speakes said Mr. Reagan has "no qualms" about security, a sentiment which unintentionally would indicate either naiveté or complicity. The airport where Mr. Aquino was murdered was under extremely heavy security, and the security forces either failed to prevent the assassination or chose not to prevent it. Either way, "qualms" are called for.) The Administration should affirmatively put its weight behind an independent investigative group to ascertain all the facts behind the shooting. Otherwise doubts will linger, tarnishing America's international standing by guilt through association.

For the sake of his country as well as this country, Mr. Aquino recommended that the United States channel some of its "moral anger" into its dealings with the Philippines. His own moral anger came from his personal experience: his father, a World War II leader, collaborated with the Japanese. This led Mr. Aquino to resist giving in to Mr. Marcos, and to ask the United States only to be wary of him. He understood that prudence and principle stand side by side in foreign policy, and that they go best when they go together. If the Reagan Administration obsequiously stands by the Marcos regime, America can expect to encounter significant hostility when his rule comes to an end. American foreign policymakers plainly face a Hobson's choice in the Philippines. They will have to decide whether to risk all on Mr. Marcos or to hedge their bets with elements of the opposition, thereby risking his wrath. Given the U.S. stake in the Pacific, Mr. Marcos will continue to hold a formidable lever in American-Filipino relations. Such are the dilemmas of dealing with dictators. They may be "our S.O.B.s," as F.D.R. said of Trujillo; but they can easily become "their S.O.B.s." In any case, they remain S.O.B.s, as their subjects tend to appreciate—and remember.



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# KUWAIT CAN WAIT

Two years ago the United States nominated a career foreign service officer, David A. Korn, as ambassador to Mauritania. Confusing this David Korn with another David Korn—who was then special assistant to Secretary of State Alexander Haig and who, more to the point for Moslem Mauritania, is a Jew—Mauritania rejected the appointment. The U.S. then sent Chester Crocker, assistant secretary of state for African affairs, to Mauritania to explain that the intended, David A., was O.K.—i.e., not Jewish. Mauritania stood firm, refusing either Korn. David A. is currently U.S. chargé d'affaires in Ethiopia.

A year later Morton Abramowitz, a career foreign service officer, was picked to be ambassador to Indonesia. Indonesia, also predominately Moslem, rejected the appointment. "Although Indonesia never formerly specified its reasons," writes John Goshko in *The Washington Post*, "it is an open secret within the [State] Department that the country objected, in part, because Abramowitz is Jewish." Abramowitz is now posted in Vienna.

Last month the United States designated Brandon W. Grove Jr. as ambassador to Kuwait. Kuwait refused the appointment. Mr. Grove, it seems, is not a Jew, but his previous job had been U.S. consul general in Jerusalem. The U.S., which finds it hard to take no for an answer, decided to try to persuade Kuwait to change its mind. The Administration tried to explain that the American Consulate in Jerusalem reports directly to the State Department, is not attached to the American Embassy in Tel Aviv, and that it is well known that the Jerusalem Consulate serves as a kind of direct American opening to the Palestinians of the West Bank. The Kuwaitis were not moved. Brandon W. Grove Jr. will have to serve elsewhere.

According to the rules of international diplomacy, Mauritania, Indonesia, and Kuwait have the right to refuse to accept American ambassadors. According to the same rules, if they wish to reject an American appointment either because of the representative's religion or honorable service in places they don't like, the U.S. has the right to tell them to go to hell. Why not declare that unless other nations can come up with a better reason than religion or service in inconvenient places, they'll have to do without an American ambassador? Ambassadors are sent abroad to lie for their country, not grovel.

# NOTEBOOK

□ NOW THAT ANDY Berezhkov is back in Moscow, what will happen to his father, responsible as he is for a lapse of parental cum Bolshevik vigilance? The Soviet Embassy has denounced Andy's letters as forgeries, and Andy says yes, that's right—although his parting words ("Say hi to Mick Jagger for me") were the moral equivalent of a big, stagey wink. A stylish exit, if not one calculated to make things easier for Dad—who, understandably, ordered a big Beefeater martini as soon as the plane took off. But it would be churlish of Valentin Berezhkov's superiors to punish a man with such a distinguished record: translator for Molotov during the Molotov-Ribbentrop talks in 1940; Stalin's translator at Tehran; long-time editor of *New Times*; recipient of numerous medals; since 1979 first secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Washington and representative of the Institute for the U.S.A. and Canada. Mr. Berezhkov has served his cause long and well. We happened to hear him one day explaining the Nazi-Soviet pact to an American audience. A nasty business, he said, but Stalin needed a breathing spell to prepare the country for the eventual showdown with the Nazis. When somebody asked why Stalin found it necessary to toast Hitler ("whom I know the German people love") or why, if his explanation is right, the German attack came as such a devastating surprise, Mr. Berezhkov changed the subject. Very deft. Say hi to Yuri Andropov.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "It remains to be seen whether three expressions can be forever banished from all editorial columns, including our own. Those expressions are 'conditions,' 'situation' and 'remains to be seen.' In the language of liberal journalism, *conditions* always lead to a *situation*, which, unless somebody takes drastic steps and does not fail to consider the underlying political and economic factors, will eventuate in a crisis, the result of which *remains to be seen*. The trouble is that there are no good words to take the place of these. If they were suddenly removed from the journalist's vocabulary, conditions would immediately produce a dangerous situation in the ink-and-paper industry. Whether the result of the crisis would be eventually beneficial would—oh, dammit—remain to be seen." ("The Week," September 13, 1933.)

Shirking her fingers to the bone.

# A MOSCOW GOOF-OFF

ON AUGUST 7 the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R., and the Central Trade Union Council issued a decree stiffening penalties for chronic shirking. The Soviet campaign to improve labor discipline has won attention, even some cautious admiration, in the Western press. Yuri Andropov "took over the party leadership last November," noted David Brand in *The Wall Street Journal*, "knowing that something had to be done to prod a work force of 140 million that under Mr. Brezhnev had developed a reputation for loafing, drunkenness, and absentee-



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ism." But poor work habits often have nothing to do with laziness or alcoholism. As those who have lived in the Soviet Union know, it is the urban married woman, most notably the Moscow wife, who is one of the country's most persistent shirkers.

And for good reason. According to *Soviet Women*, published in Moscow in 1975, "the Soviet Union was the first country in the history of mankind to create objective socio-economic and political conditions for surmounting the social inequality of the sexes and ensuring the equality of women in society and the family." Yet equality can be as hard to find in Moscow as tomatoes in January. It is the rare husband who helps his wife. Ask him about it, and he'll reply, "I don't know how to cook," or, "I wouldn't know what to buy." Most Moscow women work. But this is a city in which the burdens of running a household—child care, shopping, and housework—are themselves more than full-time occupations.

If *babushka*—Grandma—doesn't live with the family, then the Moscow wife must take little Sasha to his nursery every morning. (The typical Moscow family has only one child. There's no room for another, and besides, it's impossible to feed and clothe more than one growing child properly in a land of never-ending shortages.) Mother and child spend forty minutes in a stiflingly crowded trolley-bus to reach the nursery that has accepted him. (Unless, of course, Sasha has caught a cold or flu from the other children, who are more susceptible to illness than their better nourished American counterparts. In this case she stays home to feed him *romannaya kasha*—semolina—and weak tea.)

FROM SASHA'S NURSERY, on to her office. She joins the crowd at the bus stop. Perhaps she works at the All Union Scientific Research Institute of the Geology of Foreign Countries (though she's never been outside the country's borders), or at the U.S.S.R. Ministry for the Fruit and Vegetable Industry. The work's not bad, but the pay's not good, especially if you're a junior employee—the equivalent of about $200 to $250 a month. Factory work would pay better, but she didn't go to college to do that. When the bus finally pulls up, it stops twenty feet away, and after discharging one passenger, it groans onward in a cloud of diesel smoke. By the time she arrives at work, she's disgracefully late.

She hangs her coat on a cloakroom peg and dashes upstairs, hoping to avoid her boss. In the office at last, she prepares her morning tea, and settles down to work. Perhaps she is writing the year-end report on what she is supposed to have accomplished, or abstracting articles on the economics of the fertilizer industry. But her most important task comes in the early afternoon: the day's shopping. If she waits until the end of the workday, there will be nothing left to buy. During her lunch break, she might head first to the dry goods store, on the chance that wallpaper—rarely available—will be for sale. She strides past the plate-glass window of the local grocery store, closed from 1 to 2 PM, where the white-clad cashiers can be seen sitting at their posts eating bread and cheese, nodding their heads sagely as they chat. As usual, no luck with wallpaper. She and the other customers are driven from the store at 2 PM, when a clerk chains out the crowd for an hour.

Back to the grocery store, where the Moscow wife rushes from line to line. She is searching for what makes life in Moscow worth living—a few hundred grams of sausage, sour cream, butter, and Russian cheese. Perhaps *kasha*—buckwheat groats—formerly the food of the masses, will be for sale. (In the Lithuanian city of Klaipeda it's available only by doctor's prescription.) Then to the fruit and vegetable store (only some shriveled apples there), and at last the bakery. Bread is never a problem. Returning to the office, she places her purchases between the double windows in the cloakroom, where they will stay cold but not freeze.

After her second glass of tea, and a light lunch with her fellow workers, consisting of a piece of bread and a slice of salami, she returns to her desk for the afternoon's work—that is, if she doesn't have more pressing things to do. If her friend from the U.S.S.R. Ministry of the Meat and Dairy Industry calls to say that Yugoslav boots have appeared at the Moscow Department Store—a shabby, uninviting three-story glass box, its shelves lined mostly with goods no one wants—she rushes off once more, hoping her size will still be in stock after the hour-long wait in line. (When her boss comes looking for her, her co-workers say she has just stepped out.) But matters other than shopping may call her away. If Sasha can't shake that cough, she slips out to the polyclinic. Doctors don't work late; about 70 percent are women, and have families of their own.

Can you blame the Moscow wife for leaving the job early? After she walks out the office door, she faces a long evening of chores at home (following an hour or two compressed in rush-hour buses, her nylon bag of groceries clutched in one hand, little Sasha's moist fingers in the other). When she arrives, she must of course put dinner on the table. If the family is fortunate, they have their own apartment. More likely, she faces a daily battle of the burners in the kitchen that she shares with her neighbors or in-laws.

After dinner, into the bathroom with a washboard and a cauldron to scrub her husband's pants, her only dress, and Sasha's knitted tights, which she strings up on nylon wires over the kitchen stove. Her husband puts Sasha to bed. Exhausted, the Moscow wife and her husband fall asleep behind the partition that separates their bed from their son's.

So ends a day in the life of a chronic shirker.

**SUSAN FINDER**

Susan Finder spent an academic year studying Soviet environmental law at the Institute of State and Law of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences.



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How come his gaffes never seem to hurt him?

# REAGAN THE UNASSAILABLE

## BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

JOURNALISTS assigned to the White House lock Ronald Reagan in their sights, fire, and believe they've made direct hits. Yet he walks away unscathed. He has survived the assaults of the press better than any President in decades. "I don't know why it doesn't add up," says Curtis Wilkie of *The Boston Globe*, who covered the President for two years. "Everyone is talking about what a free ride Reagan's getting, but if you look at the body of work coming out, there have been very tough stories written. People are writing up all the ludicrous foolishness he says, his errors in press conferences, his 'cave man' jokes, and 'evil empire' speeches. These stories fall off the face of the earth."

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Lou Cannon of *The Washington Post*, the dean of Reaganology, who has spent most of his adult life covering Reagan, said recently, "Reagan is getting a fairer press than he deserves." But for the most part the press has not been derelict in holding the President to strict standards. Every statement he makes is closely scrutinized for accuracy. And every error is publicized, at least by the leading reporters of the leading newspapers. But the techniques reporters employed with such devastating effect on previous Presidents seem to have little impact on Reagan. His egregious misstatements have not become a public issue; his popularity has not waned. Why Reagan escapes when other politicians might be in retreat or even destroyed appears to be a mystery. The clues to that mystery lie in his philosophy—and that of the press. The canons of reporting, which enabled journalists to penetrate the enigmas of recent Presidencies, are inadequate in the face of Reagan. The President and his pursuers operate on very different planes, as evidenced by their wildly divergent use of facts.

Reporting is a bastion of empiricism. In its ideal form, events are depicted as separate occurrences, unrelated except in the sequence of time. Only those things which can be proved by facts are considered true; there can be no truths before investigation. Empiricists disdain the contrary method—the method that assumes that an analysis can be performed before the gathering of all data, that reason itself possesses a logical validity apart from the amassing of all evidence, that truth can be discovered prior to facts. To empiricists, this is too metaphysical, too philosophical. Empiricism is a philosophy of which reporting is a particularly radical expression; and empiricism is definitely not the philosophical bent of the current President.

Presidents of the recent past were well suited to classical coverage. Deep Throat, the ultimate source, instructed Bob Woodward of *The Washington Post*: "Follow the money." And thus Richard Nixon's clandestine methods were uncovered. The true story was exposed, the "smoking gun" found. Nixon himself believed in facts; he was, after all, a lawyer. But he was a frequent and unconvincing liar. When it was proved that he wasn't telling the truth, by his

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own words immortalized on the White House tapes, his tenure abruptly came to an end.

Jimmy Carter's faith in facts was one of his major political themes. During the 1976 campaign, he promised never to lie—a post-Watergate promise. In a curiously ironic way, his thought paralleled that of reporters. Carter tried to accumulate as many facts as he could. He had no coherent world view and acted on an ad hoc basis. He wanted the mass of facts to determine each case. His essence was his parts. He was neatly constructed for dissection because journalists deal in particulars. Catching Carter in isolated errors established his general incompetence.

Ronald Reagan, however, deals in universals—the free market and the Soviet Union's "evil empire." His ideology is not just another event, another particular: it is the continuing source of events. The way he thinks is obviously crucial to his Presidency, and it presents journalists with an unfamiliar difficulty. Follow the ideology?

Reagan's ideas may be simple, but the pattern of his thought is complex. He has a comprehensive world view that can coherently explain the cosmos. From his ideology, Reagan infers the truth of facts and the need for policies. When facts prove mistaken or policies have unexpected consequences, he can shift ground without making any fundamental change in his beliefs. Perhaps the facts or the policies were the wrong inferences, perhaps they were compromised by his opponents: he can always explain what goes wrong. Criticism of his statements or policies never touches his central beliefs. These attacks may actually confirm for him the duplicitous character of his opposition, since he *knows* his critics have a distinct point of view. They are not open about their premises; he is.

With Reagan, facts don't determine the case. Facts don't make his beliefs true. His beliefs give life to the facts, which are parables tailored to have a moral. If one fact doesn't serve, another will. Time and again, Presidential assistants have told White House reporters that even if the President missed a fact, his general point was still correct: what's an extra zero or two when we're talking about real waste and abuse in social programs?

THE ARTILLERY of the press has been aimed mainly at Reagan's factual misstatements. By correcting the President's profuse errors, the press tries to create a context. But it's the press's context, not Reagan's. For Reagan, facts are means. For journalists, facts are ends, the alpha and omega. An implicit tenet of the orthodoxy is that collections of facts add up to the truth, particularly if the facts are balanced. "The rules of Establishment journalism are constraining in making a judgment," says Steven R. Weisman, who covers the White House for *The New York Times*. "The boundaries are narrow, especially compared to European standards. The thing we seize on the most is these inaccuracies. It's one of the things we can write about that's permissible. And it tells you something fundamental about Reagan. His misstatements get right to the fundamental misunderstanding he may have of the issues."

To prepare for a Reagan speech, Weisman routinely arms himself with the facts in anticipation of mistakes. "We have to be vigilant of his misrepresentations," he explains. (On July 22 the headline on Weisman's story for the *Times* was: REAGAN SEES GOOD JOB NEWS; LABOR STATISTICIAN DISAGREES.) Other reporters perform similar labors. "Talk about frustrated!" says Curtis Wilkie. "After every press conference, Tom Oliphant (another *Globe* reporter) and I go over the transcript and come out with a story the next day pointing out the six or eight errors he made." Lou Cannon, who writes a weekly column in the *Post* entitled "Reagan & Co.," has gone so far as to introduce a regular feature called "Reaganism of the Week." The "Reaganisms" are humorous Presidential quotes, usually fantastical inaccuracies. "I've written stories about Reagan's funnyisms going back to 1967," says Cannon. "I think more people should be writing about whether he knows what he's talking about."

THE PRINCIPAL QUESTION the press is asking is this: what didn't the President know and when didn't he know it? A substantial literature on the subject is piling up. Curtis Wilkie's article in *Playboy*, "The President As ComicKaze," cites numerous gaffes, misstatements, and absurd incidents. Here's Reagan at a state dinner in Brazil toasting "the people of Bolivia." There he is welcoming the boxer Sugar Ray Leonard and his wife to the White House as "Sugar Ray and Mrs. Ray." He calls Samuel Doe, the leader of Liberia, "Chairman Moe." "If ignorance is bliss," Wilkie writes, "the Reagan Administration is the embodiment of the politics of joy. . . . Sometimes it seems we are covering the Single Stooge Show." According to Steven Weisman, the article "was the favorite of the White House press corps."

Columns on Reagan's mistakes, a ready-made topic, are seemingly innumerable. On July 29 in the *Post*, for example, Judy Mann reviews Reagan's record on women and finds his facts lack credibility. Reagan says housewives can now get Individual Retirement Accounts because of Administration action. Wrong. Reagan says we have almost doubled the tax credit for child care. Wrong. Reagan says he has appointed "over a thousand women in executive positions." Wrong. And so on.

Reagan's misstatements could fill a book, and they have. The book is *There He Goes Again: Ronald Reagan's Reign of Error*, edited by Mark Green and Gail MacColl, forthcoming next month from Pantheon Books. It is a treasure trove of misstatements on almost every conceivable subject from taxes (Reagan says, "Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, 'Keep the government poor and remain free.' " Wrong, Holmes never said it, though he did say that taxes are the price of civilization) to foreign policy (Reagan says, "Incidentally, the first man who proposed the nuclear freeze was in February 21, 1981, in Moscow—Leonid Brezhnev." Wrong, it was Senator Mark Hatfield). The editors of this volume of tragicomedy have such faith in Reagan's incorrigibility that they end the book with blank pages labeled, "Add Your Own."



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# Trade and Defense

Expanding international trade is one of the best ways to get the economy churning in high gear again and to put people back to work.

Free trade is open, fair, and reciprocal commerce among nations, chiefly in consumer, industrial, and agricultural goods. With appropriate safeguards, it should apply as well to military products and systems.

Defense trade, of course, raises special concerns and considerations, bound up in our national security. These interests must always come first.

Even so, within proper restraints, there's room for the interplay of free-trade precepts and market forces in our relationships with other countries in the buying and selling of products for national defense. When military equipment made in the U.S. is sold abroad, jobs are sustained and created here at home. With millions out of work, America needs those jobs.

At all costs, the nation and its defense contractors must protect our military secrets. Key technologies must be preserved for our own use. We must be ultra-vigilant lest they get into the wrong hands.

Yet, at the same time, our government must guard against the indiscriminate cordoning off of military products, processes, and technologies needed by our friends and allies. Unnecessary restrictions damage the U.S. in the long run. They undermine our economic interests, job opportunities, national defense, and relations with other countries with which we share common values and maintain bonds of collective security.

Interdependence among nations is a reality of our times. America's economic well-being is linked to the economies of other lands. Our defense and security are tied to those of our friends and allies. They need our technology. We need theirs. In technology transfers, both the givers and receivers gain.

Blocking the export of technologies with real or potential military application should not be allowed to become a guise for trade protectionism.

Excessive strictures alienate our allies, anger our friends abroad, and play into the hands of our adversaries. They threaten the positive trade balance this nation enjoys in defense equipment, with all the jobs and other economic benefits such trade means for Americans.

Technology should be padlocked from export only when it is critical to national security interests and only when it is uniquely ours. It makes no sense for the U.S. to deny a friendly country products that it can readily get elsewhere, including nations that are hostile to us. The U.S. misses out on needed production and jobs, and it loses any control over use of the military equipment purchased.

In defense as well as in commercial sectors, the U.S. should hew to its decades-long dedication to free trade. Any departures from this tradition should be motivated clearly and solely by our vital security interests.

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The misstatements mount, but the impact on Reagan's standing with the public appears negligible. "I have the feeling it has no important impact whatsoever," says Wilkie. "When I did it with Carter I had the feeling it reinforced feelings that he was an incompetent boob. That's the frustrating thing." Lou Cannon believes that Reagan's errors "help him or don't have any impact. The kinds of mistakes Reagan makes are the kinds we all make—the wrong name, the wrong date. People identify with it. It's a function of his humanity. We could double the number of Reaganisms a week and it wouldn't change anything."

NOBODY BELIEVES Reagan is lying. He doesn't willfully distort the facts; his mistakes are unintentional and spontaneous. So even if the press catches Reagan on inaccuracies, he's not caught. For reporters, getting the facts wrong is a cardinal sin; they can get fired for a series of lapses. But there's no unity in reporting except in the method. The parts are the whole. However, all the events and facts swirling around Reagan are seen by him as expressions of a greater unity which exists in his head. Examining fragments can never fatally undermine the unifying vision.

Jimmy Carter discovered this about Ronald Reagan during the 1980 campaign. Carter believed, according to his aides, that if Reagan got his facts wrong in their debate, Carter would win the election. Indeed, in the debate Reagan got some significant facts wrong. He said, for example, that he'd never been against Social Security. Carter awaited Reagan's demise, but nothing happened.

Appropriately, the principal victim thus far of the so-called "Debategate" affair, in which Reagan campaigners are charged with purloining Carter's confidential campaign memos, is a member of the press, George Will. Will's offense is coaching Reagan for the debate and then declaring his player the winner after the event on ABC. (Imagine if Howard Cosell were also Billy Martin, but nobody knew it.) Will failed to uphold excruciatingly correct behavior. He is the perfect victim for the moment, having failed the rules of reporting, the very grounds on which the press is testing Reagan.

The orthodox doctrine of reporting makes an absolute claim: that all events can be covered, and that their sum equals reality. This orthodoxy is a closed system of logic that doesn't admit a priori reasoning. Yet a priori reasoning is Reagan's mode of discourse. His subjectivity is an objective fact. But according to the empirical dogma, the causation between idea and act that exists in Reagan's case can't be reported; without documents, it is pure speculation. The metaphysics of the press prevents it from fully covering the metaphysics of the President.

The fact-obsessed press rarely addresses the kinds of questions that most concern the President: can public belief in a policy make the policy work? Does budget cutting forge moral character? Does a negative press inhibit economic recovery? Most important: will recreation of a free market in this society engender a new sense of community? Such questions are seen not only as false but also as meaningless because they can't be verified empirically.

The central story about Reagan is not that he misses facts. It is that he has a world view to which facts are not important. Facts are pawns of his vision. There are great flaws and inconsistencies in Reagan's vision, but questions about them—like the ones above—can't be asked in the hurly-burly of a press conference. Reagan could easily deflect them with a joke and a grin, and those who asked the questions would lose face with their peers. Reporters feel obligated by their own competitive pressures to ask fact-oriented questions. This is hardly something they're unaware of. "If you have an interview with the President," says Steven Weisman, "reporters are always interested in finding out news. Nobody has sat down with him and had a philosophical discussion of the underpinnings of his beliefs. Certainly, he's been asked how he got this conservative philosophy. He'd respond that his philosophy is based on his experience and historical truth. He's not stimulated by counterarguments. His answer would be predictable and not very rewarding. You couldn't formulate a question that would get at the core of the fallacy of his views. I'm not hopeful it would produce results. He's a very frustrating quarry."

THE BEST JOURNALISTS may adhere to the orthodoxy of their craft verbally, but they always have an animating idea they apply to the events they're covering. In fact, what are called significant facts are always based on rational analysis. Cannon says he often acts on his "intuition" about Reagan, a process that provides him with scoop after scoop. By starting with a premise in advance of doing the story, reporters are closer to the way Reagan thinks than they are when operating by the rigid empirical method. Weisman says, "Carter figured that if you learn a lot about a situation you'll be able to find the best solution. Reagan would say what he wants to accomplish; it would begin with a philosophical premise. Reagan's philosophy is ultimately irrefutable, even if you have all the facts."

To the extent that reporters depart from the exacting and metaphysical doctrine that collections of isolated facts equal the truth, they have broken with the conventional wisdom of their profession. They do so in order to get the story. Thus, the actual practice of journalism often contradicts the orthodoxy of journalism. Empiricism is undermined paradoxically by experience.

In the orthodox version of journalism, discerning the pattern in the facts is left to the reader (an abstract person)—even though the facts themselves have inevitably been arranged by human selection. An implicit assumption of the orthodoxy is that reporting isn't guided by analysis. Hence the category "news analysis," which is viewed as being something distinct from "news"—even though "news analysis" is in fact often the reporting of patterns (for example, a story about William Clark displacing George Shultz as the Administration's most important



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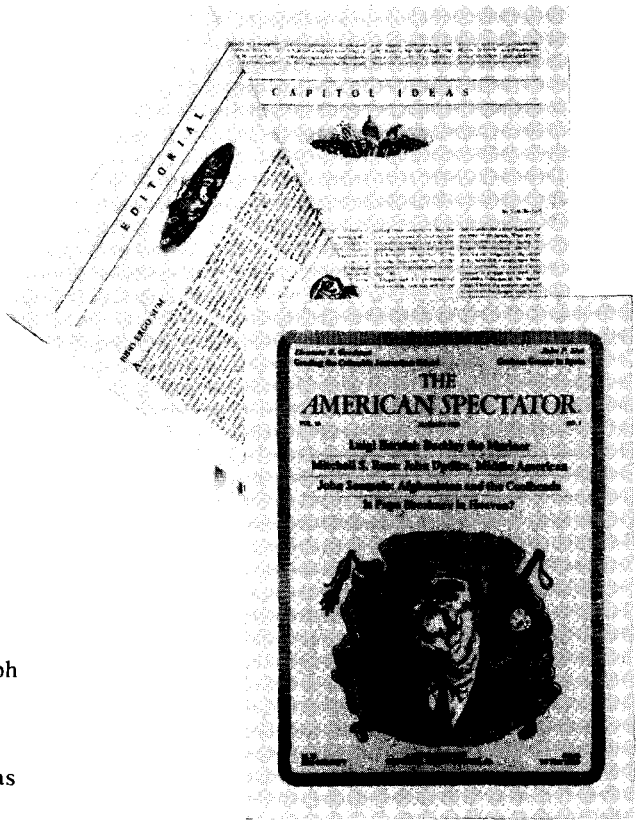
# "... nothing else quite like it on the American scene."

—Irving Kristol

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foreign policymaker) or of possibilities (for example, a story about the various options open to arms negotiators). These pieces of news may be as true, even as "factual," as the news of an appointment or the arrival of a foreign dignitary; yet the split is decreed between analysis, which is regarded as subjective, and reporting, which is regarded as objective. A side effect of this split is the blurring of the distinction between interpretation (which is the ordering of facts, connected by the tissue of reason) and opinion (which praises or blames, drawing a conclusion for action). In the orthodoxy, interpretation is conflated with opinion; they're both considered subjective expressions. This logic completes the empiricist's partition between analysis and reporting. It renders analysis marginal, a separate and lower order of reality. For Reagan, however, "analysis" is the only reality.

Reporters feel most keenly the clash between their theory and their work when faced with the fact of Reagan. "The conventions of journalism don't allow you to get close to Reagan," says Cannon. "All the appalling and appealing things about him are outside the realm of what we do well. They require people to make judgments of what he means, what he understands. All of these are difficult judgment calls. The misstatements get you away from the problem. He has this dimension that is beyond facts—it's extraterrestrial. You have to deal in essences, convictions. You have to go outside the conventions because Reagan is unconventional."

Among other things, Reagan has demonstrated more conclusively than any President in recent memory the limits of press power. And he's done it by ideas. "This President," says Weisman, "really knows how to control an agenda."

The issues that really draw Reagan's blood are ideological—"fairness," for example. But that action is not mainly in the court of the press. It is in the court of the President's ideological adversaries. Only an opposing political vision can be a true alternative to Reagan. In the meantime, using "the facts," the press painstakingly draws precise pictures of Reagan's shadows.

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

# Q: IS HE RUNNING? A: WHY NOT?

## BY MORTON KONDRACKE

IN THIS summer dream, I am walking through a huge junk warehouse looking for bargains when all of a sudden a large, old-fashioned computer comes alive, whirling its discs and blinking its lights. It starts to talk to me, as follows:

"I figured one day you'd show up."

"I?"

"You. See, I'm Uniquack, James Reston's old truth detector, vintage 1960. Next to Scotty, you're the fairest minded, even-handedest—I mean, the blandest—column writer in Washington, though you're not as well-connected or smart. I guess that's what took you so long."

In ensuing cheeky conversation, the computer volunteered—just this once—to answer questions for me, as it had for Reston in *The New York Times* through the 1960s before being ignored and finally abandoned. So I asked the easy one:

**Q.** Is Reagan running?

**A.** Today, clearing brush and riding with the Missus.

**Q.** For reelection, wise one.

**A.** Why wouldn't he?

**Q.** Is this a Socratic dialogue, or do you answer questions?

**A.** I answer: Why wouldn't he? You name a plausible reason why he wouldn't, except for health, and I will show you it's a reason why he will.

**Q.** O.K. Reagan knows that after 1984 the United States is going to have to fight a war over Central America and he doesn't want the hassle of being a wartime President.

**A.** Do you cover the White House, or spend your time primping for television? You clearly don't know Ronald Reagan. Whatever else he is, he isn't chicken. Whether it's war or the economy or the makeup of Congress, Reagan's instinct is that if the situation is bad, he wants to hang in there, turn it around, and vindicate himself and his beliefs. If things are going well, he'll want to stay and extend the gains.

**Q.** You mentioned health. Do you know something?

**A.** What I pick up is that he's healthier than when he became President. Since he got shot, he's been doing thirty minutes of weight lifting and calisthenics every day. He's put two inches on his chest. He watches his weight and he gets rest when he needs it.

**Q.** He seems to need it a lot.

**A.** You should be so active at seventy-two, and I might add, so *compos*.



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**Q.** O.K., what about these stories that he loves his ranch, that Mrs. Reagan doesn't like the White House and that she wants to get him back to California?

**A.** First, Reagan likes the White House life. The Missus didn't in the beginning, but she does now. People who say he loves the ranch are correct. He loves it. Mrs. Reagan likes the ranch, too, but in just about the dose she gets right now. If he did something else, they'd spend about as much time up there as they do now, not much more.

**Q.** How do you know all this?

**A.** I stay plugged in.

**Q.** So, if he's going to run, why is he waiting so long to make his announcement?

**A.** Well, it's like he says himself. If he announced now that he wasn't running, he'd become a lame duck. If he announced that he was, everything he did would be interpreted as part of a political campaign. Whatever chance there was for bipartisan cooperation with Congress would be shot. His trip to the Far East this November would be interpreted as political. Anything he tried to do with various constituencies would be dismissed.

**Q.** It is now.

**A.** No kidding. And with good reason. But with a sliver of doubt remaining about whether he'll run, he gets a small benefit of the doubt about his sincerity. Or, as his political adviser, Stuart Spencer has put it, "As long as he can stay 'President of the United States,' the better off he is. When he becomes 'Candidate Reagan,' he loses something." Anyway, a full-scale Reagan organization is already put together, with a timetable and the beginnings of a strategy.

**Q.** Yes, but just suppose he decides not to run. Isn't he waiting so long that nobody but George Bush can get the nomination? Does he want to do that?

**A.** You've just cited another argument for why he will run. Either Mondale or Glenn will unify the Democratic Party, which remains the nation's majority party. Any other Republican but Reagan would not have the advantages of incumbency and would have to run from the traditional Republican base—or a part of it. If there was a fight for the nomination, the party would be split. Kemp would hold the conservatives and might attract blue-collar voters, but lose the suburbs. Bush would hold the suburbs and lose everybody else. Baker and Dole are too good ever to be nominated by the Republicans.

**Q.** Since when do computers give editorial comments?

**A.** Only for James Reston and THE NEW REPUBLIC.

**Q.** O.K., so Reagan's running. The timetable, please.

**A.** Do some reporting, will you? Or just read *U.S. News and World Report*. A reelection committee gets formed in October. Under the election laws, Reagan automatically becomes a candidiate fifteen days later unless he disavows the group. He will make his formal announcement in November, still in the rosy glow of his Far East trip, in a TV address from the Oval Office. I suppose you want me to run down the names of those who will run the Reagan committee?

**Q.** No, I read *U.S. News and World Report*. Paul Laxalt, chairman. Ed Rollins, political director. Drew Lewis to run the campaign after the convention. James Baker to manage things from the White House. Stuart Spencer to advise inside, Lyn Nofziger to keep the conservatives in line outside.

**A.** Congratulations. You also, I trust, caught the scoop about Reagan raising the maximum allowable funds and entering his name on every Republican primary ballot even though he has no opposition, and actually campaigning in big November battleground states—California, New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Florida, Texas, etc.—to give the Republican organization a tune-up?

**Q.** I did. So, who's going to win?

**A.** Edward Kennedy.

**Q.** (Gasp)

**A.** Serves you right. I do not predict. I analyze. After your experience in 1980—"Anderson Can Win," "No Tidal Waves," "Too Close to Call"—I suggest that you do the same. Shall I cite some other gems?

**Q.** I am chastened. O.K., analyze this. Who's ahead? I mean, the polls show that Reagan has a pretty good approval rating, yet both Glenn and Mondale are leading Reagan in head-to-head. What does all this mean?

**A.** First, the polls are confusing even to me. *The Washington Post*-ABC poll for July shows Reagan's approval rating at 52 percent, which is close to its high, and up from 42 in January. Yet Gallup shows him at 42, down five points since June. The match-ups aren't very significant either. The *Post* has Mondale 49, Reagan 46, and Glenn 50, Reagan 43. What the *Post*-ABC poll does show is that people favor the Democrat because they dislike Reagan and favor Reagan because they like him. The Democrats haven't impacted yet. Reagan is the issue, or his policies, so it's in his power to change things, which he is rather obviously trying to do.

**Q.** You mean with women, blacks, Hispanics, blue-collar workers and so on?

**A.** Right. At the moment, Reagan has real trouble with all of them, and they could cost him the election if they all stay against him. Reagan got only 47 percent of the women's vote in 1980. He has only 34 percent right now, which represents a potential loss of more than five million votes. Reagan won in 1980 by only 8.3 million. Then Reagan got 13 percent of the black vote. He'll probably get less in 1984, but the important thing is turnout. Ten million eligible blacks are unregistered. A large black turnout could cost Reagan several states in 1984, especially in the South, where there are more than one hundred electoral votes, not counting Texas. In Texas, California, and Florida, Hispanics may hold the balance. And in the industrial corridor, Reagan is suffering a falloff of blue-collar support, from 41 percent support in union households in 1980 to 34 percent in the latest Gallup poll.

**Q.** And to recoup, he goes out and makes these little speeches. People believe that stuff?

**A.** You forget the recovery. People suffered very hard during the recession, and they aren't about to forgive and feel better after one or two quarters of economic growth.



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# WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING

TIP O'NEILL: "He won't. First, he'll be 74 at the time of the inauguration, 78 when he completes his term. He can claim success in his legislative programs; it's time for him to step aside. Second, the political outlook shows the Democrats are in tremendous shape; we expect to recapture the Senate. Third, the campaign he'll have to run would be grueling. The Democrat would be politically healthy, would have a united party, and would not have to be on the defensive all the time. This time the monkey is on the President's back."

THEODORE H. WHITE: "He'll run—because there's an upswing in the economy and the country is in a terribly nationalistic mood. Reagan is the first outright nationalist we've had in a long time. And, fundamentally, he hasn't done a bad job."

DAVID GARTH: "I suspect he'll run. He is the only candidate the Republicans have that could put together the kind of campaign they need. They have put him in that mode right now—he's running as if he's a candidate; this prevents anyone else from becoming a factor. My instinct is he'll announce around Labor Day."

JUDY GOLDSMITH: "We see no indication he won't run, but Reagan has alienated so many women he can't hope to win their support. The gender gap is now 17 percent and growing, and women will work with blacks, Hispanics, and other groups who see through his rhetoric to assure he doesn't win a second term."

JEFF GREENFIELD: "I have a bad track record on predictions. In college, I predicted the Beatles would break up after six months; in 1972 I predicted John Lindsay would be elected President; and in 1981 I predicted the Yankees in six. Nevertheless. . . . History says incumbent Presidents run again, so I'll go with history. This guy is unique among modern Presidents in that he wanted to be President to do things—he was bitten by an ideological bug thirty years ago. How do you give up a job where you can make your own ideas into national policy? He hasn't aged much—he's got the genes."

BENJAMIN HOOKS: "I happen to think he is going to run. He feels he has an uncompleted agenda and needs four more years to bring about the transformation of America in his image. All the signs show he'll run; Senators Tower and Baker have both said they would help in his campaign. I don't think he'll be reelected. If the Democrats can mount a strong campaign and if the elements of the old Roosevelt coalition can regroup themselves, they can defeat Mr. Reagan. But he will not be easily beaten. Whether they agree with him or not, most people perceive him to be a nice person, and that ambivalence makes him a strong candidate. The consensus on his policies may be overwhelmingly no, but that's not translated into votes."

JUDITH MARTIN: "He will. My experience has been that it's not an overpowering desire to set the country straight that makes a President want to run again, but rather, one gets used to the daily life of being President. Mr. Reagan does seem to be having a good time. If you've lived with all that and become accustomed to it, it seems to take a lifetime to get unused to it. The little hardships of everyday life have gotten very difficult for most people—you just can't buy courtesy any longer. But when you become President, you do buy it. The President is treated with a super-smoothness and politeness that's just not available to the rest of us, though it was years ago."

ED KOCH: "I believe Reagan will run, and the reason that he will run is the appeal that will be made to him by the leaders of the Republican Party, who will say that without him they would have no chance of winning."

KURT VONNEGUT: "I think he'll run. He obviously enjoys the job so much, and sees no drawbacks in it whatsoever. He's having an easy time, a happy time—more so than anyone else could have with it."

MARK SHIELDS: "He will not. First, unlike most Presidents who decide to run for President on Thanksgiving of the first grade—with the exception of Nixon, who decided on Thanksgiving of when he was in kindergarten—Reagan didn't run for public office until he was 55. He was not driven to this; he can walk away. Ambition came late. Second, Marty Noland of *The Boston Globe* said the difference between Reagan and Nixon is that Nixon ran to be something, Reagan ran to do something, and he's done it. Third, Lou Cannon says he won't run."

JODY POWELL: "I've always thought he would. It's a difficult job to walk away from, and it doesn't appear to be wearing him down greatly. You don't see any grey hairs or lines of worry in his face, do you?"

BELLA ABZUG: "I think he is going to run. He is the strongest personality among the Republicans and is being encouraged by Republican leaders. But I think he's going to be beaten by any of the candidates. Women, minorities, unemployed people are going to vote against him; farmers, all the victims of his economic policies are going to vote against him."

PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY: "I think he will run because he believes in the policies he's proposed and he knows he's the best one to fulfill those policies. I think the same women who are hostile toward him now were hostile to him in 1980 (and he won by a landslide)—a small group of radical feminists, most of them at NOW and the National Women's Political Caucus. The [gender gap] problem is with the Democrats; Democratic candidates ought to ask themselves why more and more men are backing Reagan."

MICHAEL KORDA: "Sure he'll run again. He looks comfortable, he looks like he's having a good time. And if you look at the people who would run against him, he doesn't make much choice. And I think Mrs. Reagan likes the White House."

*—compiled by John McQuaid*



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After seven straight quarters, which the White House is praying for and trying to engineer, they may. That goes for blue-collar voters, blacks, Hispanics, and women, too. Depth polling finds women's dissatisfaction has more to do with economics than with feminism or war and peace.

**Q.** So Reagan is depending on voter credulousness and a recovery. I ask again: do blacks, Hispanics, women, and so on believe he really cares?

**A.** You'd be amazed at what a little Presidential attention will do. His education blitz has been a winner, disingenuous though it may be. In September 1981 only 28 percent of the people thought Reagan's policies were helping education, according to the *Post*-ABC poll. Now 42 percent do. Reagan hasn't promised a penny more, but showing concern about education counts among all groups in the population. It represents deep American values, including upward mobility and back-to-basics.

**Q.** So, I repeat, the Reagan 1984 strategy is a recovery plus reliance on the credulousness of the people?

**A.** A recovery is not nothing. The strategy, though, is classic: hold your base—in this case, the conservatives, the farmers, and the West—and reach out. Reagan does not have to get all the blue-collar vote or the women. He has to rifle-shoot in the key states to get 125 electoral votes more than his base to make 270. He can go South. In the Midwest, he can target blue-collar families that are nonunion. He can't get blacks, but he can persuade moderate whites he's no racist. Besides the recovery, he can appeal to blue-collar voters on the basis of values, including strength abroad, as long as he doesn't overdo it.

**Q.** Which reminds me, what is the impact of foreign policy on the election? Does Reagan need a summit with Andropov to win?

**A.** Well, it obviously would help if Reagan can get a START agreement that was better than Carter's SALT II. That would vindicate Reagan's whole peace-through-strength strategy. But agreements and summits aren't essential. Peace isn't necessary. Peace and quiet is, and a demonstrated capacity to keep the world an orderly place. Presidents get surges of public support after foreign policy successes, but they tend to be ephemeral. What counts is the absence of negatives—Vietnams and Irans.

**Q.** Can Reagan keep things calm?

**A.** For a bunch of amateurs like the guys in this crew, they've done all right so far, though there's a lot of worry out there about Central America. The Kissinger commission and Stone's negotiations are obvious attempts to solve that. Bill Clark's maneuvers and naval exercises work in the opposite direction, though. I wouldn't put it past the Communists in Central America to try and stage a crisis of some sort before the election, in hopes Reagan will make a mistake and look like a warmonger. That'll be the test of this Administration. The amateurs could blow it, or they could stay lucky.

**Q.** So your bottom line is that Reagan wins on quiet and a recovery. Can he sustain the recovery through next November with these deficits?

**A.** With a halfway sensible monetary policy, there's a reasonable chance. Deficits hamper a recovery if federal borrowing crowds out private borrowing and raises interest rates. Crowding out isn't happening so far, partly because business investment isn't up yet, and partly because foreign money is flooding into the United States. Mitterrand's mistakes help, and nobody is about to invest in the Third World either. None of this has anything to do with supply-side economics. This is a purely Keynesian recovery—fed by pent-up consumer demand and kept moving on borrowed money and the misfortune of foreigners. In the long run, it will have to be paid for, but in the short run, it probably will keep going if the Federal Reserve doesn't tighten up on money supply.

**Q.** And now, tell me about the Democrats.

**A.** I thought you'd never ask. They are in very good shape, for Democrats. They are not waging civil wars. Their left-right splits are under control. Either Glenn or Mondale would be a strong candidate against Reagan. They are mature, moderate figures who would reassure the country and avoid errors. Either one could maximize the Democrats' majority base.

**Q.** Should I believe the stuff being put out at the White House that Glenn would be the stronger candidate, the one Reagan would least like to face?

**A.** I guess they believe it themselves. They say that a Glenn-Bentsen ticket would be dynamite, locking up both the industrial corridor and the South. But that neglects the factor of turnout. Glenn-Bentsen is a pretty conservative ticket. It does not turn on or turn out young people, blacks, Hispanics, and union members the way Mondale might if he runs the correct kind of campaign. If you're figuring on a turnout of about 54 percent of eligible voters, the White House should be most worried about Glenn. If Mondale can get it up to 57 percent, those votes are all Democatic.

**Q.** But Mondale has to be careful that by appealing to blacks and so forth he doesn't overdo it and alienate moderates.

**A.** The Greeks had it right. There is a golden mean. Nothing in excess.

**Q.** Well said. So, the bottom line, please. Who wins?

**A.** No predictions. Too many factors are unknown, including the whims of John Anderson. Both sides have substantial advantages and disadvantages. The Democrats are the majority party and have a potential for expanding their vote by increasing turnout. Reagan has the incumbency, which means he can set the agenda and dominate the news. I'd say this is shaping up to be a close race in which Reagan's ability to sustain the recovery will be the crucial factor.

**Q.** Good grief, that's precisely Washington's current conventional wisdom, replacing last spring's conventional wisdom that Reagan was likely to win.

**A.** Exactly. Now, if you'll please move on, I have an appointment with David Broder and someone from *The Baltimore Sun*.



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The harsh truth is not the same as the Hersh truth.

# UNRELIABLE SOURCES

## BY MARTIN PERETZ

THERE IS NO reliable history without reliable sources. In his introduction to *The Price of Power: Kissinger in the Nixon White House*, Seymour Hersh tells us that his "basic sources" were "more than 1000 interviews with American and international officials—some retired, some still in government—who were directly involved in making and executing policy." A twenty-three page appendix at the back of the book cites mostly the ancillary material Hersh says he used: memoirs, clippings from periodicals, some contemporary histories, a few documents. About the thousand interviews (Hersh does not say how many interviewees there were) we are told very little. In fact, only a few handfuls of individuals interviewed are actually identified in the notes. As for the foreign or "international" officials noted, they can be counted on one hand.

For a book fixed on Vietnam, moreover, Hersh demonstrates an especially telling lack of interest in the views of the South Vietnamese survivors. They too must have memories, not all of them likely to be pleasant about Kissinger, to be sure, but then not all of them likely to be complacent about what "peace" has meant for Vietnam either. Hersh relied on just one South Vietnamese for "essential information," an assistant to Thieu whom we know already from Kissinger's memoirs could be counted on only to bolster Hersh's own anti-Kissinger biases.

Still, a thousand interviews constitute a prodigious job, even if one subtracts the minor witnesses farmed out to Hersh's research assistant: an average of no fewer than five interviews a week over the roughly two hundred weeks in which Hersh also had to find time to read, write, think—and also travel. I leave it to the reader to figure out what is an authentic interview and what is not. Hersh is known for the fast and threatening, even browbeating, phone call. The list of willing interviewees may be almost as much self-selected as selected. No wonder the book contains little evidence from Kissinger's admirers, of whom, after all, there are many, not all of them patsies.

Among the bona fide interviewees, some were prepared, even eager, to go on the record. It's not hard to understand the envy felt by Zbigniew Brzezinski for Henry Kissinger. Here are two smart and ambitious immigrant boys at Harvard, one smarter than the other. One is sent east of Eden, the other stays. In barely a decade one is at the White House, the other is still teaching undergraduates and, for mobility, fashioning facile academic theories ("convergence," "the technotronic revolution") into middlebrow books aimed at earnest members of the Foreign Affairs Councils of Atlanta and Minneapolis. A decade later, one is still very powerful, even lionized, and apparently also rich; the other, with a sojourn near the seats of the mighty on his vita, can still be seen, but scarcely noticed, on the Washington to New York summer shuttle. While in office under Carter, Brzezinski once confided to me that "Iraq will be to my tenure here what Egypt was to Henry's." If only it were so. I'd trust Brzezinski on many things, but I wouldn't trust him on Kissinger's ambitions.

But whom *won't* Hersh trust on Kissinger's ambitions? His first witness for the prosecution is Richard Allen, the right-wing ideologue who was fired by Kissinger from the Nixon N.S.C. for being dopey, and resigned under pressure as Reagan's National Security Adviser because he allowed himself to be overtipped. He thinks he paved Kissinger's path to power under Nixon, and was had. "I was naive. I had my zipper open." I'd not trust Allen either on the matter of Kissinger's ambitions.

And by now I'd not trust Roger Morris on anything to do with Kissinger. But there is no one Hersh trusts more. In fact, there are more references to Morris (and to his book, *Uncertain Greatness*) in *The Price of Power* than to anyone except Nixon, Melvin Laird, William Rogers, Alexander Haig, and Kissinger himself. Why is Roger Morris mentioned more frequently than Lawrence Eagleburger, Haig's rival as Kissinger's top aide, or Bob Haldeman, Nixon's chief of staff—real big-time actors in history, for good and for ill? Morris was only one of a large and shifting cohort of young men who, one learns inferentially from their own testimonies, were continually competing for the attentions of their boss. It was a frustrating job and, for Morris, short-lived; in Washington frustrated assistants, if they are especially ambitious, are often driven to revenge—at cocktail parties, in Op-Ed pieces, and on the foreign policy seminar circuit where a year or two in Foggy Bottom or the Executive Office Building can be parlayed into a decade of genteel underemployment.

Morris is an informant, Hersh's most cooperative one. Morris is also an obsessive. Last summer, just as Ronald Reagan told Haig to go, Morris published a book about Haig. More frustration. Last fall Morris transmitted as fact to the readers of the *Columbia Journalism Review* a craftily



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detailed fantasy from the *New Statesman* of London. It was written by Claudia Wright, not exactly the most reliable member of the Washington press corps, who charged that for months before the Lebanon war Haig had upped arms shipments to Israel to facilitate the invasion. Morris likes such tales of complicity and conspiracy. The problem with this one was that the numbers, arranged so carefully by Miss Wright, didn't add up to anything. In Morris's obsession with Haig is an echo of his obsession with Kissinger, which, of course, feeds Hersh's.

I HAD firsthand knowledge of only one of the issues discussed in the Hersh book; but if this treatment is typical—and why shouldn't it be?—there is hardly anything that shouldn't be suspect. I became involved in the desperate plight of starving Biafran children. For one whose own first child had just been born, the pictures of kwashiorkor babies were too unbearable to ignore.

Biafra became an issue in the 1968 election campaign because I and a few other anti-Vietnam War activists persuaded Eugene McCarthy, who needed little persuasion, to make it an issue. (Hersh knows this is how Biafra really entered American politics. But because he left the McCarthy campaign after an acrimonious dispute with the candidate over his insistence that, as press secretary, he be a campaign policymaker—a dispute he then retailed as an ideological break with what he termed McCarthy's indifference to race—he fails to give credit where credit is due.) The agony of Biafra's ill-fated independence remained an issue through the first year of the Nixon Administration. Then only National Security Adviser, Kissinger seemed to me and to others to be genuinely affected by the prospect of mass deaths caused by the indifference of people who had the capacity to prevent them. But he did not pretend that all that was required was a relief effort.

The Nigerian federal government was using starvation as a weapon in the civil war. (So was the government of Biafra.) Nigerian sovereign territory would have to be violated simply to get food to the hungry, even if one didn't want to move directly to recognition of the secessionist state. But some did. Hersh completely misunderstands the political choice faced by the United States on this score. He poses the alternatives for the United States this way: "Should America recognize Biafra, as a few other nations had done? Or should it side with the federal government in Nigeria, and continue to be perceived throughout emerging Africa as antirevolutionary?" On the contrary, siding with secessionist Biafra would have been seen by Africa as being antirevolutionary. The borders set by the colonialists had become sacred to Africa's revolutionary nationalists. Any threat to the boundaries of independence and to the territorial integrity of the newly established states was, and is today, thought reactionary and colonialist—in short, antirevolutionary. One hopes that Morris, who does know a lot about Africa, did not misinform Hersh on this count just to keep intact the mythic idea of American antirevolutionary consistency.

At a minimum it is clear that Morris did not inform Hersh about the players in the Washington drama. There was a Biafra contingent in the executive branch, made up primarily of former Peace Corpsmen who had served among the Ibos and had been stirred by their industry and sophistication—and their sense of nationhood, rare in Africa. And there were some veterans of the Ripon Society, that band of dauntless liberal Republicans deployed in and around the Administration, who mobilized the available political forces for the Biafra cause. For these hopeful moderates in the Republican Party, the disillusionment with Elliot Richardson, the unflappable Massachusetts patrician then serving as Under Secretary of State, begins with Biafra. Only someone with ice water in his veins could read the disheartening cable traffic about the ongoing starvation and remain so unmoved. As Hersh does recognize, Richardson was the tribune of the State Department's Africa professionals, who had become clients of the governments to which they had been posted. Under pressure of the grim imagery in the media of children dying, however, even the Nigeria desk backed some public and private relief efforts. But, in a conversation I had with Kissinger at the time, he spoke of the charade of official urgency surrounding Biafran food relief. Once when White House officials persuaded State to arrange for an emergency delivery of food and medicines to Biafra, assuming the supplies would go by air, they found them instead on a slow boat out of Virginia. In any case, as Kissinger pointed out to me—only a little hyperbolically—some time later, "There is enough food on Fernando Po and Sao Tome [two islands off Africa which served as supply depots for the relief efforts] to feed India in famine. Everybody is pretending that the supplies accumulating there feed starving Biafrans. But it doesn't reach them."

I had several especially distressing experiences in my own effort to line up political support for a massive airlift of drugs and food to Biafra. Kissinger had urged me to try to activate "the usual suspects," the "do-good" and leftish constituencies. I found all of them paralyzingly skittish about saying anything that might be interpreted as criticism of an African country. "This is an issue between black and black. We have to stay out of it," said Russell Johnson of the American Friends Service Committee, a high Quaker. William Sloane Coffin fobbed me off with a preachy statement. I approached Andrew Young and Coretta Scott King, both of whom I'd come to know through the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. They offered pieties not much different from those of Elliot Richardson himself. Julian Bond told me laconically that U.S. aid was tainted by Vietnam. Blacks wouldn't speak up forcefully for starving blacks if an important black state would be offended. Over lunch in the private Senate dining room with the peace Senator J. William Fulbright (and with Mrs. Fulbright, who inexplicably showed up), I carefully explained the statistics of the deteriorating human situation. Unexceptionably courteous in his patronizing way, Fulbright seemed alternately bored and alarmed. I asked him to see some Biafran representatives, including a distinguished jurist and an eminent historian. He didn't seem to



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hear this request at all. Finally he asked me to tell him again what actually interested me in these dark, faraway children. I was too flabbergasted to answer, and too intimidated. He then mumbled something about having been told that there was now enough food to go around. "And how about some pecan pie?"

Roger Morris knew of this indifference within the humanitarian constituency. We talked about it not long after. U.N. agencies couldn't or wouldn't act unless Nigeria asked, which it wasn't about to do. Refugee agencies didn't help much because of the legal fiction that there were no Biafran refugees, since they hadn't crossed the internationally recognized borders of Nigeria. There was some covert help, however, from the French, the Chinese, the Israelis. Caritas, the Catholic Relief Services, actually overflew the Nigerian blockade to air-drop supplies in Biafra. At home Catholic and some right-wing circles supported Biafra. What was missing in the American political equation was any substantial support among liberals for the politically difficult steps beyond sending food that wasn't going to get to where the hungry were anyway. The late Allard Lowenstein, who was active in Biafra's cause, told me that the absence of practical sympathy for the Ibos among his old comrades was one of the great disappointments of his life. It's doubtful that their involvement—or anyone's—would have assured a different and more humane outcome. But the harsh truth is that most of those whom you'd expect to care didn't.

KISSINGER DID. What he failed to do was bend the State Department to his views. (Of course, had he done so there would have been a chapter in the book about how Kissinger's idiosyncratic interest in Biafra had mangled our relations with the government of Nigeria.) What did Morris tell Hersh about Kissinger on Biafra? That he "had, in fact, behaved 'the worst' of all senior officials in the Nixon administration. . . ." According to Morris, Hersh writes, Kissinger " 'had no rational reason for letting those kids starve, . . . he was just afraid to alienate Richardson because he and Richardson had other fish to fry. And with the President, Henry just didn't want to bother him. He'd look soft.' " But Morris and Hersh themselves adduce evidence that Nixon, however inauthentically, was inclined to the Biafrans, even favoring recognition. So Kissinger's fear of appearing soft on Biafra is implausible, certainly in this case. Morris even purports to have heard both sides of a telephone call between the President and his National Security Adviser:

> Nixon: They're [the State Department] going to let them starve, aren't they, Henry?
> Kissinger: Yes.

These (for once) passive men are not exactly the willful autocrats Hersh has been telling us about all these years. But this is the historical journalism of serendipitously apt quotations available as required.

What Hersh would have us believe is that Kissinger could easily have his way despite the State Department if he wanted to. This omnipowerful Kissinger is the Kissinger of Hersh's imagination: since Kissinger could do anything, anything bad that happened was his fault, and anything good that didn't happen was also his fault. Remember, Biafra was starving for almost a year before Nixon came to power. And during the year it was left to its anguish, Kissinger had not by any means yet consolidated his sway over foreign policy. In fact, in the first months of that first year, it may now be hard to recall, Kissinger was just another Harvard professor in government. Still, in Hersh's account of American policy in Biafra there is absolutely no reference to the Secretary of State, William Rogers, who, according to Morris's own book, published six years before Hersh's, provided Nixon with the briefings aimed at keeping the facts from him. According to another telephone conversation between Nixon and Kissinger, somehow also overheard by a fortuitously placed N.S.C. aide and here retailed by Morris and Hersh, the President seems, in fact, to have reserved Africa for Rogers: "Henry, let's leave the niggers to Bill and we'll take care of the rest of the world." There is no reference either to then Assistant Secretary of State David Newsom, who, also according to Morris's book, insisted that all available evidence "does not suggest large-scale starvation." And, of course, no reference to the black law professor from Rutgers, C. Clyde Ferguson, who, with no diplomatic experience, was called to the State Department to be a cover for the department's commitment to the Nigeria invented by the British and to its own indifference to mass death among the Biafrans. (Good intentions were not enough against the designs of the professionals.) The Biafra pages of *The Price of Power* cry out for some of those touted interviews with foreigners—for what Biafrans might have told the author about Kissinger and about U.S. efforts to ease their pain.

It would be interesting to know what Roger Morris thought about Kissinger and Biafra at the time. My memory of what Morris said when we met subsequently was altogether different from what he is saying now. I called Kissinger recently to tell him that I thought Hersh had done him dirt on Biafra. He gave me a copy of a handwritten letter that Morris had written to him on January 25, 1970, shortly after the fall of Biafra:

> Dear Henry:
> I just wanted you to know how grateful I am for the time, trust and support you've given me over the past two weeks.
> You may recall what [William H.] Brubeck [a State Department official] said to me during those first days as he stridently defended his 2,000-ton plan and Nigerian efficiency—"You hysterical bastard, you're the only one in the government who doesn't think we're doing a fine job."
> Brubeck's great blunder, and what kept me going—and, in the end, the best hope for 1½ million people—was that there were *two* of us malcontents.
>
> With deep respect,
> Roger

Would you buy your secondhand history from someone who, like Morris, is first so shameless a sycophant and then so relentless a berator?



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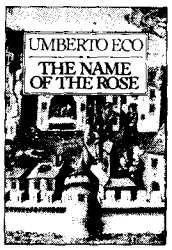


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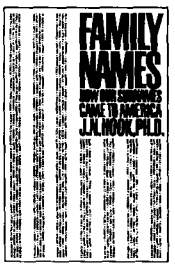


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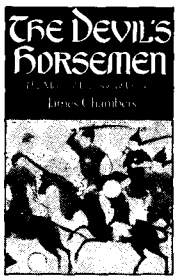


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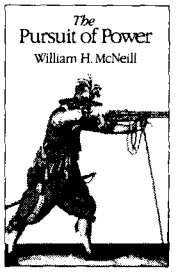


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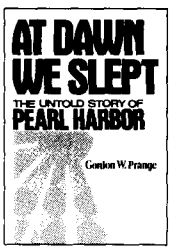


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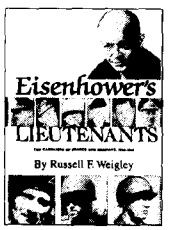


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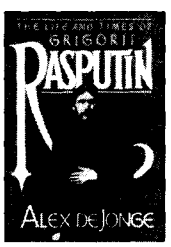


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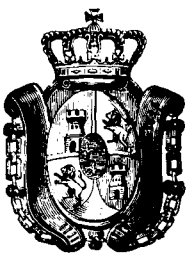

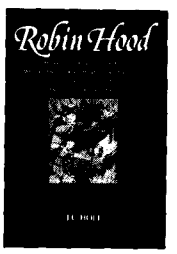


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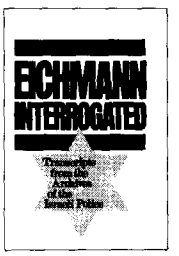


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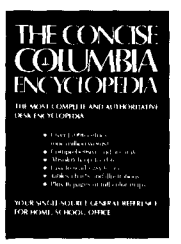


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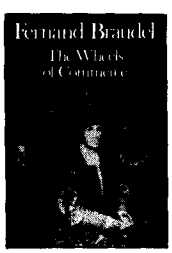


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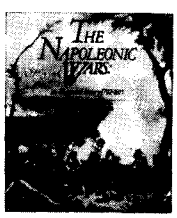


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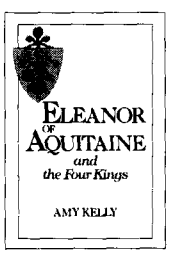


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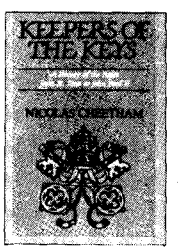


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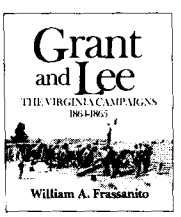


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# STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

## Wrestling Society for a Soul

That was the title of my review of E. L. Doctorow's novel, *The Book of Daniel* (TNR, June 5, 1971); at one point Daniel says of his father, "He wrestled society for my soul." The patent model for the book was the Rosenberg case, but it is not about the Rosenbergs. It could not be viewed then as a roman à clef, and it cannot be reassessed now in the light of new data. It is a work of imagination: what it would be like to be a son (and brother of the daughter) of people like the Rosenbergs, a son living in the late 1960s with various planes of the past constantly intersecting the present. I thought, and think, that Doctorow wrote the American political novel of the age.

*Daniel*
(Paramount Pictures)

Lately he wrote a screenplay of the novel. Now the film itself makes it necessary to tell the screenwriter that he hasn't served the novelist well. (When Doctorow's subsequent novel *Ragtime* was filmed in 1981—a book at least as good as *The Book of Daniel*, a film considerably worse—the screenplay was by someone else.) Any argument about the changes needed for the film medium won't begin to wash: why didn't those needs hamper Peter Handke and André Malraux, among others, in writing screenplays of their novels? Doctorow's screenplay is severely reductive of his novel, and no one can possibly know this better than himself.

Begin with the title. Apparently some unwritten law says that you can't call a film *The Book of. . . ,* so the title becomes mere *Daniel*. This is a significant stricture. The man who chose the original title, who chose everything carefully in his novel, presumably had two reasons for it. First, the Old Testament resonance, the suggestion of prophetic mission and of the Jewishness specific to the material. Second, the essence of the novel. That essence is the writing of a book within the novel. Daniel's attempt to write that book is the dynamics of what goes on in Doctorow's book, an attempt that summons up Daniel's "present" actions, his memories, his imaginings. But the film, from the title on, has no hint of this propellant interior action, no hint that it is Daniel's venture into creation, his act of imaginative summoning, that spills history into the "present," and vice versa.

This omission leads seamlessly to the second fault. The omission of imaginative texture strips Doctorow's work to the narrative, which is substantively retained, and the narrative can't bear the emphasis. The novel has no new insights into the Rosenbergs as such, not even any useful guesses. It doesn't even have a fixed finish: there are three optional endings. The novel is an expedition into response: what it means to live inside the body and mind of a "Rosenberg" son, as recorded on an acute literary seismograph. Without that texture, we look for the wrong kind of revelation and are, of course, disappointed. The new stripped structure turns the work into a relatively conventional "quest" novel, with flashbacks, a quest for a buried secret. That quest was no more than an armature of Doctorow's book, not its purpose. And since the quest is doomed to discover nothing, the film is doomed to fizzle.

All that Doctorow did in his screenplay was to extract. From his novel, he took scenes, patches of dialogue, glimpses, and wove them into a relatively linear script. He shunned the very element that gave his book its textural quality. (If he really thinks that the film form demanded this renunciation, he can't have paid much attention to Pinter's Proust screenplay.) The film *Daniel* courses along as if it had been made from an American cousin of John Le Carré, but without a satisfactory conclusion.

Sidney Lumet directed and, for the most part, shows again that he is excellent with actors. The excellence is the film's strength; the qualification is its major weakness. For Daniel, Lumet chose Timothy Hutton, and despite all that Hutton and Lumet try, the actor cannot rise to the role. No matter how Hutton flashes his eyes and pumps up feeling, he remains pallid, two dimensional. A Daniel who convinced us that he had caverns within him, that the past echoed in them, would have helped to compensate for the synoptic script. Hutton does not deliver.

His sister, driven to madness and suicide by her parents' executions twenty years after the event, is played by Amanda Plummer, who is making a specialty of psychotics on stage and screen. Plummer has a great deal of lean, sinewy intensity, but so far her most successful performance was as the young mute in *The World According to Garp*. Her voice couldn't intervene. Her voice is so tinny and grating that it almost obscures her image: it makes me want to avert my eyes. All the inflections of feeling that her face and body suggest are virtually nullified by her peanut-whistle voice.

The children who play the brother and sister at the time of the trial, Ilan M. Mitchell-Smith and Jena Greco, are much better than Hutton and Plummer. Those sequences in the past are a great deal more than fill-in flashbacks: the

### FILMS WORTH SEEING

*Berlin Alexanderplatz*. Fifteen hours and twenty-one minutes and worth it. R. W. Fassbinder's generally superb film transformation of Alfred Döblin's novel.

*Pauline at the Beach*. Eric Rohmer's return to his old deft form. If there's more polished form than substance, it's nonetheless very high comedy.

*The Return of Martin Guerre*. Splendid re-creation of period, wonderfully vivid acting in a true story of sixteenth-century rural France.

*Zelig*. Woody Allen's clever, skillful beginning for a film about a man who changed himself to please others. Allen makes us eager to see what will happen to Zelig—then just quits.

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child actors are lovely, pensive, affecting.

Those young people are part of what is best in the film: the good acting. Further testament to Lumet's (generally) extraordinary ability with actors is Lindsay Crouse's performance as the children's mother. Crouse, whose theater work has left me tepid, did fairly well for Lumet as the runaway Irish nurse in *The Verdict*. Here, as a Bronx Jewish Communist, she is excellent, strong, a pillar of fire. It's not a matter of accent and intonation only, though both are flawless: it's a matter of passionate *being*, right to her last utterance outside the death chamber. (She tells the prison rabbi to leave. "Let my son be bar mitzvahed today. Let our death be his bar mitzvah.")

Mandy Patinkin, as her husband, is equally good but less surprising: his role is less of a reach for him, and he has been impressive before. As the affectionate, impulsive, humorous, apostolic father, Patinkin fills the screen.

THE SCRIPT contains two risky set pieces. The children are brought to see their parents in prison. The authorities won't let the parents be in the room together, so there must be two scenes of reunion, children with the mother, children with the father. (The parents are executed in reverse order.) We know, while we're watching the first scene and admiring the way that Lumet and his actors vitalize it, that we're going to go through a parallel scene right after it. Lumet faces this challenge and, with his actors, meets it well.

Ed Asner, as the parents' lawyer, has a relatively easy role, but he doesn't coast on it: he underplays it beautifully. Ellen Barkin is rapidly becoming one of the most important young women in American films. She caught attention as the pathetic young wife in *Diner*; in *Tender Mercies*, as Duvall's daughter, she created a full and memorable character in a few scenes; and here, as Hutton's wife, she is immediately arresting and true. Lee Richardson, a veteran, is superb in one brief but meaty scene as *The New York Times* investigative reporter consulted by Hutton when the reporter writes a follow-up story, twenty years after the executions, for the paper. Virtually every word of the scene in the novel is retained in the film—it's a key scene—and Richardson gives it the rich savor of experience, the reporter's and his own.

Andrzej Bartkowiak (trained at the Lodz film school) photographed Lumet's two previous films with distinction, *Prince of the City* and *The Verdict*. His work here is good but somewhat patly labeled: past scenes are in sepia, present scenes are in full color dominated by different shades of blue. The differentiation is a bit heavy, also a bit superfluous. Lumet apparently invested most of his directorial energy in his actors; because visually the film is only occasionally striking (the children being passed over the heads of the crowd to the platform at a protest meeting for their parents). Mostly, it's merely competent. And it ends with a regrettable cliché. The camera pulls back from a 1960s protest meeting in Central Park to a very long shot; then the camera tilts up into the sky. The only fresh touch is that the sky is gray.

In Doctorow's novel, his theme is much less the Rosenberg case as such, indirectly or otherwise, than the history and fate of nineteenth-century European radicalism in twentieth-century America: the fervor with which it was brought, the occasions that fed it, the reactions it evoked, the way it was tempered and metamorphosed by American fact as our century went on. (In his subsequent novel *Ragtime*, he treated the theme at an earlier date, turn of the century.) A huge subject; and it evoked in him, not a fictionalized treatise but a varicolored prose poem. His screenplay loses almost all the poetic quality of the book, and we are given an inconclusive story, trimmed with utterances.


THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE KREMLIN AND AMERICA'S MOST POWERFUL BUSINESSMEN—**ARMAND HAMMER, AVERELL HARRIMAN, CYRUS EATON, DAVID ROCKEFELLER, AND DONALD KENDALL**

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Disraeli's triumph of imagination and will.

# TORY DEMOCRAT

## BY GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

BEFORE the recent British elections, an English journalist reporting to a group of Europeans and Americans casually referred to the "wets" in the Conservative Party as Disraelians, thereby provoking an animated discussion about the rival claims of Margaret Thatcher and Michael Foot to that honorific title. (Foot had something of an edge by virtue of his dog named Dizzy.) Two years ago an article in *The Wall Street Journal* cited Disraeli's handling of the "Bulgarian Massacres" as a model for a realistic human rights policy. And some years before that, Senator Moynihan, then counselor to the President, urged President Nixon to assume the mantle of Disraeli by adopting the Family Assistance Plan.

Historians are made acutely uncomfortable by such invocations of the spirit of Disraeli; they have difficulty enough with the real Disraeli in his own time and place. Yet the allusions tell us something important about the historic Disraeli, something many historians have yet to learn. However inconsistent and inconstant he may have been, however opportunistic and eccentric, he did represent a distinctive political mode, a disposition and sensibility that did not quite qualify as a philosophy and policy—hence the vacillations on his part and the disagreements about him on ours—but that were recognized as unique and significant in his own time and that still command attention today. He speaks to us as his great antagonist does not; it is a long time since anyone invoked the name of Gladstone to lend authority to a political figure or cause.

The current spate of books might suggest a Disraeli "revival," were it not that books about him have been coming out with fair regularity since his death just over a century ago. Among the new books are a splendid biography by Sarah Bradford utilizing sources that have come to light since the publication of Robert Blake's monumental work seventeen years ago; the first two volumes of the definitive edition of Disraeli's letters; a novel published anonymously in 1834 and only recently revealed to have been written by Disraeli and his sister; and an account by Robert Blake of Disraeli's grand tour of the Middle East in 1830-31. Except for the biography, these books bear entirely upon Disraeli's early years. The grand tour took place when he was twenty-six; the novel was written when he was twenty-nine; and the letters take us through his thirty-second year.

As with all the eminent Victorians, one is astonished by the sheer quantity of written matter: almost seven hundred letters (and how many others that have not been recovered?), newspaper articles, several political works (one running to three hundred pages), an epic poem, and seven novels (eight including the newly discovered one). And all of this was done while waging four unsuccessful campaigns for a seat in Parliament (and two abortive attempts to get nominated), before finally being elected in 1837 at the ripe age of thirty-two.

Writing and electioneering are only part of the story of these years—the smallest part, it sometimes seems, as one reads of the constant partying and traveling (undeterred by bouts of illness and depression), tailoring and hairdressing, flirtations and amours, entrepreneurial schemes and financial speculations, mounting debts and loans, attempts to pacify creditors and avoid arrest. Had he gone to debtor's prison, as he very nearly did in the spring of 1837, his parliamentary career may well have been thwarted even before it began.

Much else in Disraeli's mode of life was equally perilous. Writing novels—and such novels: romans à clef caricaturing people who were important to his career, "silver fork" novels romanticizing (and ridiculing) high society, a historical novel fantasizing and eulogizing the Hebrew "race"—that was hardly a prescription for political success. His father put the matter delicately when he asked him, "How will the Fictionist assort with the Politician?" The problem, it seems, was not so much the particular kinds of fiction he wrote as the fact that he wrote them at all. And this objection told as much against him in the social world as in the political; his inveterate, unregenerate "fictionizing" was apparently the main obstacle in his election to the Athenaeum.

And so too his dandyism. After walking up crowded Regent Street arrayed in a blue frock coat, light blue trousers, black stockings with red stripes, and low shoes (most men wore boots), he reported to his friend, "The people quite made way for me as I passed. It was like the opening of the Red Sea which I now perfectly believe from experience." Upon which his friend commented in his diary, "I should think so!" Dandyism, to be sure, was itself a convention in a small circle, as was being in debt—indeed the two went hand in hand—but not in the circle of aspiring prime ministers and not in the spirit displayed by Disraeli.

There was something wanton about all this, a deliberate courting of danger. Disraeli flaunted his debts as he flaunted his attire. They were part of his romantic persona, the same persona that emerged in his novels and in his relations with women. He was not only

### BOOKS DISCUSSED IN THIS ESSAY

*Disraeli* by Sarah Bradford (Stein and Day, 432 pp., $19.95)

*Letters: Volume I, 1815-34, Volume II, 1835-37* by Benjamin Disraeli, edited by J.A.W. Gunn, John Matthews, Donald M. Schuman, and M. G. Wiebe (University of Toronto Press, 482 and 458 pp., $50 each)

*A Year at Hartlebury or The Election* by Benjamin and Sarah Disraeli (University of Toronto Press, 256 pp., $24.95)

*Disraeli's Grand Tour: Benjamin Disraeli and the Holy Land, 1830-31* by Robert Blake (Oxford University Press, 141 pp., $14.95)

Gertrude Himmelfarb's *The Idea of Poverty: England in the Early Industrial Age* will be published this winter by Knopf.



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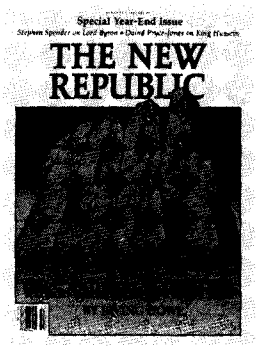


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calling attention to himself by defying bourgeois conventions, not only elevating himself socially by taking on the airs and manners of a bohemian aristocrat, not only narcissistically preening and indulging himself. He was also, like any good Romantic hero, making things hard for himself, stimulating himself to greater exertion, testing and proving himself to himself as well as to others. Several years later, in *Tancred*, the third novel in his famous trilogy, he said of one of his characters: "Fakredeen was fond of his debts; they were the source of his only excitement, and he was grateful for their stirring powers."

WHAT MADE Disraeli's appearance and behavior even more egregious was his Jewishness. He was not, in fact, Jewish in religion, having been baptized, on the instructions of his father, at the age of twelve (a few months before he would have qualified as a Bar Mitzvah). But he prided himself on being of the Jewish "race" (his word, not his enemies'). "All is race, not religion—remember that," he told Lady Rothschild. And he never permitted anyone to forget it. He exaggerated his racial features by having his black hair set in elaborate ringlets (it was dyed, we are told, in his later years by his wife), and his exotic dress added to his foreign, Semitic appearance. (The hero of *A Year at Hartlebury* is hated by the local magnates because "he had not a snub nose, because he was suspiciously curious in his linen, because his coat was not cut after their fashion.") He made not the least effort to disassociate himself from his Jewish friends and relations even while he was assiduously climbing the social ladder. (His father remained a Jew after the children were baptized and retained the old spelling of the name, D'Israeli.) And he deliberately drew attention to his Jewishness, in his personal life, in his novels, even in his biography of Lord Bentinck, where he took the occasion of the controversy over Jewish emancipation to insert an entire chapter celebrating the history of the Jews. If he gave himself a more romantic and exalted ancestry than he actually had, he also romanticized and exalted the Jewish "race" as a whole. Psychologists may explain all this as "compensation" or "overcompensation," an implicit admission of shame at having been a Jew and guilt at having ceased to be so. But this is to permit a psychological theory to prevail over the evidence. On any straightforward reading of the evidence, there is not the slightest intimation of shame or guilt. On the contrary, he seems genuinely to have believed in his own superiority by virtue of his Jewishness. There is a ring of authenticity in his comment: "Fancy calling a fellow an adventurer when his ancestors were probably on intimate terms with the Queen of Sheba."

People did call him an adventurer, however, and worse. Robert Blake reminds us that anti-Semitism in England at that time was not the virulent disease it has been at other times and places. Until 1829 Jews were excluded from public office, including Parliament, by the Test Acts which also excluded Catholics and Dissenters. After the repeal of these acts, until the passage of the Jewish Disabilities Bill in 1858, Jews were excluded if they refused to take the oath "on the true faith of a Christian." Religion, not "race," was the barrier; even before 1829 converted Jews (Ricardo, most notably) sat in Parliament. And socially, in London literary circles at least, the barrier was not as great as might be supposed. Disraeli's father—a Reform Jew who did not observe the dietary laws but who had his children circumcised and taught Hebrew, and who belonged to a synagogue until he was appointed warden, against his wishes, at which time he left the congregation and baptized his children—was a member of the Athenaeum and counted among his friends such literary lights as Byron, Southey, Scott, the editor John Lockhart, and the publisher John Murray. Had Disraeli been content to be, like his father, "a quiet member of a tolerated minority," as Blake says, he too could have enjoyed the amenities of the Athenaeum. But he was not content to be either quiet or tolerated. He wanted nothing less than the highest public office, and he wanted it on his terms, as the most conspicuous member of the most "superior race." It was when he appeared on the hustings in his customary attire and demeanor that he brought upon himself the familiar jibes: "Shylock," "Old Clothes," "Judas," "Bring a bit of pork for the Jew." Responding to an attack on him by Disraeli, Daniel O'Connell, the Irish Radical leader, explained that while there were "respectable Jews," Disraeli was not one of them: "He has just the qualities of the impenitent thief on the Cross"; this was his genealogy and this his "infamous distinction." With less provocation Carlyle railed against this "Pinchbeck-Hebrew, almost professedly a Son of Belial," a "cursed old Jew, not worth his weight in cold bacon." If England was spared the more vicious kind of anti-Semitism, it had a plenitude of the more mundane kind, of which Disraeli received more than his share.

The subject raises a host of intriguing questions—psychological, social, political, even theological. How did Disraeli reconcile his conversion with his religious and racial pride? What classes and groups proved to be most anti-Semitic and how did they manifest it? How did Disraeli, in spite of the prevailing anti-Semitism, manage to climb that "greasy pole," and in the Tory Party, home of the landed aristocracy and country backwoodsmen? How serious was his theory that Christianity was only Judaism "completed," that the Jews deserved veneration, not condemnation, for making possible the crucifixion and hence the salvation of humanity? What part, if any, did his dictum, "Race is all," play in his version of "Tory Democracy," that peculiar amalgam of paternalistic benevolence and national assertiveness? Can Disraeli be said to be a Zionist, or even a premature Zionist?

NO ONE biography—not even the massive six-volume classic of Monypenny and Buckle (1910-20)—has adequately dealt with these questions. Yet even given the limitations of a single-volume biography, Bradford's, like Blake's, is disappointing. There is too little of the play of mind, the boldness of affirmation, the unashamed passion one finds in Disraeli himself. Perhaps it is not the biographer but the genre that is at fault, the need to keep some distance from the subject, to be objective and dispassionate, even skeptical and critical—to behave, in short, like a biographer rather than an autobiographer.

Blake had been even more skeptical than Bradford about this aspect of Disraeli's life (as he was about others—his commitment to social reform, for example). It is all the more interesting, therefore, to find him reconsidering his earlier views in his present book on Disraeli's grand tour. He even goes so far as to take issue with Isaiah Berlin, who thought it anachronistic to speak of Disraeli as a Zionist. Blake cites a passage in the recently published diary



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of Lord Stanley (son of the Earl of Derby who was then leader of the Tories), a conversation in 1851 in which Disraeli spoke movingly of the restoration of the Jews to their homeland. He even worked out the means of financing it: the Rothschilds and other Jewish capitalists would provide funds for the purchase of land, and with the Turkish empire in the state it was, the government would do anything for money. Such ideas, Disraeli assured Stanley, were widespread among the Jews, and the man who carried them out would be "the next Messiah, the true Saviour of his people." Recording this conversation (unfortunately four years later), Stanley observed that Disraeli seemed to be in utter earnestness and that it was the only time he ever appeared to "show signs of any higher emotion." Blake, for his part, has no doubt that Disraeli genuinely meant what he said, that if he did nothing it was because nothing could realistically be done, and that he would undoubtedly have welcomed the Balfour Declaration and the Zionist movement. In the light of this episode, the last sentence of *Tancred* takes on a new significance: "The Duke and Duchess of Bellamont had arrived in Jerusalem."

IF ONE MAY now take more seriously Disraeli's ideas about the "Hebrew race," perhaps it is also time to take more seriously his ideas about society and politics. It is easy to mock the "Young England" party with which Disraeli identified himself—which, indeed, he invented. Bradford is right to say that he "created the myth of Young England," and also right to add that he "used it to the full to put forward his view of English politics." That "party" consisted of all of four young men, newly elected to Parliament, whose alliance, such as it was, lasted for exactly two sessions in 1843 and 1844. By the time *Sybil* was published in the spring of 1845, this novel, in effect a manifesto of Young Englandism, was a memorial to a movement that never existed—except in Disraeli's mind. But in his mind, as an idea, it was potent enough to persuade both the press and Parliament of its existence and importance.

One of the Young Englanders referred to the group as "we esoterics." Their esoteric doctrine was nothing more abstruse than the idea that the Tory Party was, or rather should be, the "genuine democratic party," the "na-


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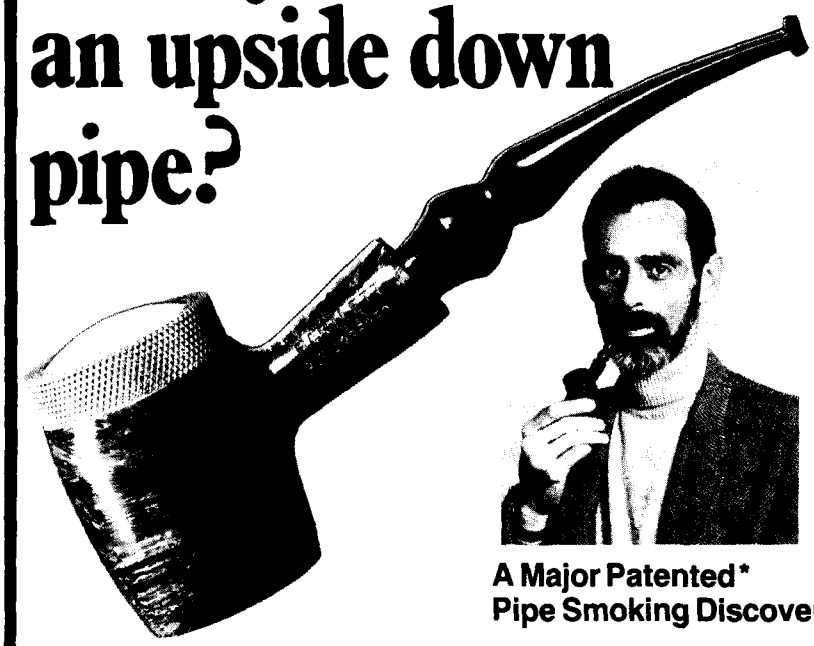

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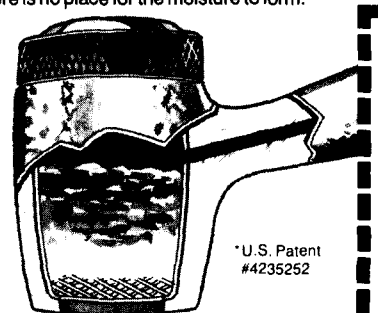

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tional party." That idea had been enunciated by Disraeli as early as 1835 in his *Vindication of the English Constitution*, in his election speech the same year, and in a letter addressed to a prominent resident of the district, and distributed as a pamphlet. The letter (reprinted for the first time in the new edition of Disraeli's correspondence) explains what Disraeli meant by "Primitive Toryism" in contrast to the corrupt form of "Conservatism" represented by Peel:

> I still am of opinion that the Tory party is the real democratic party of this country. I hold one of the first principles of Toryism to be that Government is instituted for the welfare of the many. This is why the Tories maintain national institutions, the objects of which are the protection, the maintenance, the moral, civil, and religious education of the great mass of the English people: institutions which whether they assume the form of churches, or universities, or societies of men to protect the helpless, and to support the needy, to execute justice and to maintain truth, alike originated, and alike flourish for the advantage and happiness of the multitude. I deny that the Tories have ever opposed the genuine democratic or national spirit of the country; on the contrary they have always headed it. It was the Tories who increased the constituency by the £50 tenancy clause; *a most democratic measure*, but one, in my opinion, that has eminently tended to the salvation of the State. I deny that the Tories oppose short parliaments or the ballot, because they will give too much power to *the people*: it is because they will give too much power to *the constituency*; a shrewd and vast difference.

IT WAS in this same letter that Disraeli anticipated one of the most celebrated coups of his career when he "dished the Whigs" by sponsoring the Reform Act of 1867 which enfranchised the urban working classes. His Whig opponent, he wrote in 1835, "is extremely annoyed that being a Tory, I should have pledged myself at Wycombe to promote the cause of Reform. Why to be sure, are the Whigs to have all the Reform to themselves!" "Dishing the Whigs," whether in 1835 or 1867, was not the Machiavellian maneuver it has been made out to be, not the brazen triumph of expediency over principle. Disraeli never thought of the Whigs as the natural party of reform—of political reform, still less of social reform—because he thought of the Tory Party, his kind of Tory Party, as the "natural" leaders of the people. And because he never subscribed to the laissez-faire, "do-nothing" doctrine, he had no difficulty supporting whatever reforms he thought to be in the interests of the "people." Nor did he have any difficulty in giving the largest possible extension to the term "people"—that word, as he said, being vastly different from "constituency" or electorate. The people were the whole of the nation, whether represented in Parliament or not, and it was their "happiness" that was the purpose of government. This was the message of *Coningsby* and *Sybil*; as it was also the message of his earliest speeches and writings.

There was no small measure of opportunism in Disraeli's espousal of social reforms, in his desire to make of the Tory Party a "national" party, an alliance of "Labour" with a "natural" aristocracy (an aristocracy of merit as well as birth). But it was an opportunism not inconsistent with his principles. And on some occasions principle prevailed over expediency. He had nothing to gain, for example—from his own constituency, from his party or any faction within the party, from the landed or manufacturing classes, or even from the people (who were, after all, in no position to further his career)—by publicly defending Chartism, the most militant working-class movement in Victorian England. In July 1839, at the height of that movement, Disraeli made a speech in Parliament warning the government that it was confronting not a "mere temporary ebullition" but a "social insurrection." "I am not ashamed to say," he declared, "however much I disapprove of the Charter, I sympathize with Chartists." Later he was one of the very few to oppose the severe punitive measures taken against the Chartists. When a prominent radical praised him for his courageous action, he replied that a union between the Tories and masses offered the only means by which the empire could be preserved. "Their interests are identical; united they form the nation."

THE NATION and the empire, a united nation at home and a strong nation abroad: the two were of a piece. According to Bradford "social welfare and the preservation of the empire" were the two planks of Disraeli's platform in the 1870s. She also makes it clear that his solicitude for the empire did not necessarily entail imperial annexations—indeed he generally counseled against annexation—and that he had none of the "White Man's Burden" ethic that was later to justify imperialism. What he did have was a passionate concern for Britain's strength, prestige, and influence, and an unwavering determination to pursue a vigorous foreign policy. This theme too appears in his earliest writings, in his electoral address in 1833 when he urged a Tory-Radical alliance under the name of the "National Party" which would undertake "to maintain the glory of the Empire and to secure the happiness of the People"; or in *A Year at Hartlebury* when the hero castigates the Whigs as an "anti-national" party and predicts that their victory will lead to the "dismemberment of the Empire." Blake, who takes Disraeli's foreign policy more seriously than his domestic policy, quotes one of the characters in *Endymion*: "Look at Lord Roehampton. He is the man. He does not care a rush whether the revenue increases or declines. He is thinking of real politics: foreign affairs; maintaining our power in Europe."

WHETHER or not Disraeli's handling of the "Bulgarian Massacres" issue—the "Eastern Question" as it was known at the time—commends itself as a model for American policy today, it was a triumph for Disraeli personally and for Britain as a European power. The single chapter Bradford devotes to it does not begin to do justice to it; the three chapters in Blake's earlier biography are far more satisfactory, but even they only whet our appetite for more details, more quotations, more revelations of backdoor diplomacy, high-level intrigue within the government, and a public divided between "atrocitarians" and "jingoists." ("Jingo," in the sense of chauvinist, originated at this time.) The issue flared up in 1876 when Gladstone published an enormously successful pamphlet (forty thousand copies were sold within a week, two hundred thousand by the end of the month) denouncing the massacre by the Turks of thousands of Bulgarians—reports ranged from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand—after the outbreak of a widespread revolt. Religious as well as humanitarian passions were inflamed (the Bulgarians were Christians), and the affair became a major international event when Russia threatened to invade Turkey (and did finally do so) under the pretext of a crusade on behalf of oppressed Balkan



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# Read these statements and you'll understand why Israel is so important to the Jews.

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**"The Jews are lower than animals."—*General George S. Patton referring to the survivors of the Holocaust***

**1945**

**"We appear to be treating the Jews as the Nazis treated them, except that we do not exterminate them."—*Report to President Truman***

**1946**

**"If only Hitler had finished the Final Solution."—*Polish reaction to returning Holocaust survivors***

**1946**

**"The Americans are so enthusiastic about opening Palestine to the refugees because they do not want to have many of them in New York."—*British Foreign Minister Bevin***

**1948**

**"We will punish the Jews in a way the race dislikes by striking at their pockets."—*Sir Evelyn Barker, British Commander in Palestine on the eve of Israel's Independence***

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Drawn from hitherto secret documents placed in the custody of the author by David K. Niles, a close aide to both Roosevelt and Truman, and scores of interviews here and in Europe and Israel, this book is about those survivors and their dreams. It is about organizations like *B'Richa* that rescued the homeless of Eastern and Central Europe through an underground network headquartered in Palestine; it is about a phantom army created to spirit thousands of Jews past a British Navy determined to block immigration to the promised land. It reveals fully the role of Niles in President Truman's support of Israel. And it shows the indifference of those who stood by while "Displaced Persons" from Hitler's death camps were held under guard against their will.

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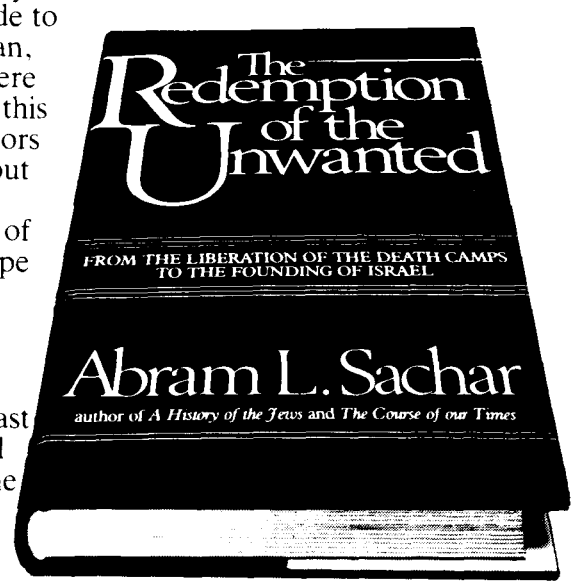
The Redemption of the Unwanted
FROM THE LIBERATION OF THE DEATH CAMPS TO THE FOUNDING OF ISRAEL
Abram L. Sachar
author of A History of the Jews and The Course of our Times

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Christians. Disraeli, who had no illusions about the Turks (during his grand tour almost half a century earlier, he had written home flippantly about dining with the Bey in Albania who was "daily decapitating half the province"), had even fewer about Russia—either about Russia's capacity for atrocities or about her designs on Constantinople. While Gladstone was whipping up a frenzy of anti-Turkish, pro-Russian sentiment (and anti-Semitic as well, accusing Disraeli of being indifferent to the sufferings of Christians because of his "crypto-Judaism" and "race antipathy"), Disraeli insisted that however deplorable the atrocities, British policy must be based on British national interests. And those interests dictated that Russia must at all costs be prevented from realizing her imperial dream of gaining control of the Dardanelles and the Mediterranean.

DISRAELI had not only to convince the country of its national interests; he had to convince his own foreign office and cabinet. At the height of the crisis he wrote to the Queen (who was his staunchest supporter): "This morning a torturing hour with Lord Derby [the foreign secretary] who was for doing nothing and this afternoon with Lord Salisbury [secretary of state for India] who evidently is thinking more of raising the Cross on the cupola of St. Sophia than of the power of England." In fact, as Disraeli discovered, Derby was not quite for "doing nothing"; he was deliberately leaking Cabinet secrets to the Russian ambassador in London. Later Salisbury proved to be a loyal and able foreign secretary, but it was Disraeli who was the architect of foreign policy and, at the age of seventy-three, the leading figure at the Congress of Berlin. By being bold and determined, threatening to break up the Congress and even declare war, he succeeded in depriving Russia of the crucial gains she had achieved after her victory over Turkey and in arriving at a settlement that was more to the liking of the European powers than it was to either Turkey or Russia. He returned home from Berlin a conquering hero. Historians may speculate about what might have happened had Gladstone presided over Britain at that particular moment and Russia been permitted to expand possibly to Constantinople. In the event, Bismarck may have the last word on this affair: "*Der alte Jude, das ist der Mann.*"

How did "*der alte Jude*" climb that "greasy pole" to power? This is the question that haunts the opening chapters of this, or any, biography of Disraeli, as one reads of all the obstacles, some self-imposed, that stood in his way. But that question disappears as the character of the man begins to emerge from behind the trappings of dress and style. A truly discerning reader would have found the clues to Disraeli's success early in the story, in a diary entry in 1833: "The Utilitarians in Politics are like the Unitarians in Religion. Both omit Imagination in their systems, and Imagination governs Mankind." It was a triumph of imagination to have conceived of a social policy that was peculiarly Tory and that nevertheless could appeal to the working classes. (The phenomenon of the "Tory worker" ensured the survival of the Conservative Party through all the vicissitudes of the Liberal, Labor, and now Social Democratic parties.) It was a triumph of imagination—and will—to have persisted in a foreign policy that was in the long run, it could be argued, in the best interests of humanity as well as England. And it is a tribute to that imagination that Disraeli remains a perennial challenge to biographers and historians and a perennial source of fascination for readers.

# VARIETIES OF INSPIRATION

## In Praise of What Persists
edited by Stephen Berg

(Harper & Row, 289 pp., $14.95)

Nothing puts writers on their guard faster than mention of "influence"—the suggestion, in a review or critical essay, that their work bears the mark of someone else. Small wonder, too; for when critics use the word it often has a euphemistic ring. You can just picture a schoolteacher holding up two identical test papers and accusing one student of being "influenced" by the other's answers.

This is not to say that writers generally claim to have sprung into print full-blown, unaffected by outside sources. What they would debate is the extent of the effect. And more important, they may strongly disagree with the critics as to who caused that effect or *what* caused it. It's not always another writer, after all. It can just as easily be something else, some real-life experience or even the very fabric of their background.

Stephen Berg, a poet and a founding editor of *American Poetry Review*, asked twenty-four writers to step forth and speak for themselves about what most influenced their work. He expected, he said, that their answers "might break fresh ground at the source and . . . point up the vanity of generalizing too far beyond the evidence of the writer's own testimony." His expectations were abundantly realized. The essays that make up *In Praise of What Persists* are for the most part thoughtful, frank, generous, and often surprising.

Raymond Carver, for example, speaks of an experience that occurred back when he was a young father. He was sitting in a laundromat with a basketful of wet wash, waiting for a dryer. Finally it seemed one was free; but no, the clothes inside were still damp, and their owner fed the dryer two more dimes. Some moment of truth! you say, but for Raymond Carver, it was.

> I'm talking about real *influence* now. I'm talking about the moon and the tide. But like that it came to me. Like a sharp breeze when the window is thrown open. Up to that point in my life I'd gone along thinking—what, exactly, I don't know, but that things would work out somehow—that everything in my life I'd hoped for or wanted to do was possible. But at that moment, in the laundromat, I realized that this simply was not true.

Nearly pulled under by the demands of parenthood, forced to snatch his creative moments from a morass of "unrelieved responsibility and permanent distractions," he decided to attempt short pieces of writing only—nothing so sustained as a novel. It's almost enough to make you believe that all things really do work for the good.



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They most certainly did in the case of Raymond Carver, a clear master of the short-story form.

For Tess Gallagher, an important influence was her father's love letters to her mother—penciled notes on ruled paper folded away in a cedar chest, the only sign she ever had that her parents loved each other. The letters taught her something about "invisible love," and they obviously helped her to come to terms with a fairly brutal childhood, out of which she has been able to draw her fine, tough poems.

The crucial experience for Carolyn Forché was her encounter with the horrors of El Salvador. Anyone who doubts the ill effects of United States foreign policy in Central America should read her essay. It's crisply, vividly written, and it's absolutely sickening. Now, what does cruelty in a foreign country have to do with poetry? That was the question Carolyn Forché faced, and her eventual answer—that "the twentieth-century human condition demands a poetry of witness"—has directed her art ever since.

Influence may range from a ceremonial trip to beach a dead man's boat, as described in Dave Smith's "An Honest Tub," to the West Seattle Class A softball league, in Richard Hugo's "The Anxious Fields of Play." It may be—as it was for novelist David Bradley—the experience of listening to his minister father preach a sermon in which he confessed to a moment of weakness. The confession must have cost a great deal, but it also gave the sermon power.

> Until that night I had not understood what it meant to write. I had known that the writer's goal was to reveal truths in words manipulated so effectively as to cause a movement in the minds and hearts of those who read them. But I had not understood that it would cost anything. I had believed that I could do those things while remaining secure and safe in myself—I had even believed that writing fiction was a way to conceal my true feelings and weaknesses. That night, I found out better.

Some of the essayists do state a debt to other writers, but from an angle uniquely theirs. Reynolds Price offers a moving consideration of Hemingway's true worth and meaning. John Gardner floods us with the names of all the books he once raced through as if they were "cartoons," as he puts it. (Then he gnashes his teeth at the cartoonishness of his own work, bringing up numerous flaws invisible to the naked eye.) And Cynthia Ozick's "The Lesson of the Master" is not only a discussion of all she owes to Henry James; it is a real treasure for any young writer willing to listen to good advice.

For a description of sheer passion—the would-be writer's passionate search for some way to become a writer in earnest—try poet C. K. Williams's "Beginnings." Talk about a flood of names! ("I read all of Homer, Shakespeare, Sophocles, and Aeschylus . . . Donne, Herbert, even Traherne; Wyatt and Sidney, Marlowe, Webster . . .") For a brilliant, almost painful memoir of the writer's travels from euphoria through despair to cool reason, try Gerald Stern's "Some Secrets." And purely for the pleasure of it, take a look at Max Apple's "A Love Affair with the Lingo."

Finally, the most arresting analysis of influence per se is offered by Ted Solotaroff, in "A Few Good Voices in Your Head":

> . . . [S]tudies of stylistic influence or even of borrowings of content, of concepts, seem to me the signs of what is really a deeper process, that has less to do with imitation than with validation. Perhaps [for example] what Hemingway got most from Gertrude Stein was confirmation—that his way of being a writer was all right, or rather that this way, one of several possibilities for him, was the right way because it brought out the precarious best in him. In other words, I'd like to talk about these matters in the spirit of Gorky's statement about Tolstoy: "As long as this man is alive, I am not alone in the world."

Not all of these essays are of equal interest. Some seem self-centered, others merely dutiful fulfillments of a homework assignment. But taken as a whole, *In Praise of What Persists* is an important book both for would-be writers and for literary scholars. It has something immensely valuable to say about the struggle into print—or more than that, about the struggle to find one's own voice, and to know *why* to write, as well as how and what to write.

**ANNE TYLER**


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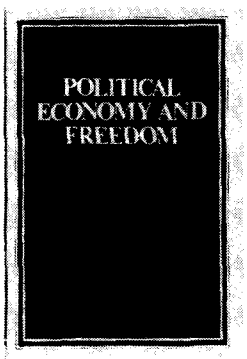


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# THE ACADEMY AND THE COUCH

## Decoding the Past: The Psychohistorical Approach by Peter Loewenberg

(Knopf, 300 pp., $20)

Peter Loewenberg, a practicing psychoanalyst as well as a professor of history, undertakes here to combine the resources of his two professions in a defense of "The Psychohistorical Approach" to history. The subtitle of his collection of essays could have been made more precise by the addition of five syllables to make it the "psychoanalyticalhistorical" instead of the "psychohistorical approach." He rejects other psychologies as "so simplistic" or "so lacking in structural coherence as to be unusable by historians." He quotes Freud as saying that the key to unconscious processes "will be sought in vain from studying books and attending lectures," and explains that "there is no substitute for thorough psychoanalytic training, including an experience as an analysand." Since we are told that "every classical psychoanalysis produces about ten million words of clinical data," it seems obvious that few historians will be able to qualify for this subdiscipline. Mere quantity of data and the expense and time it takes to acquire and learn to use the data, however, have never been acceptable excuses for the neglect of historical truth—especially if, as the author says on his opening page, his is "the most powerful of interpretive approaches to history."

Loewenberg is quite aware that psychohistory has come under bruising attack from critics within the historical profession in recent years. He is also aware of at least some of the numerous works published under the name of psychohistory that can only be an embarrassment to his claims. His way of dealing with the critics is to subordinate them to a bibliographical footnote, and his strategy with regard to the embarrassments is to ignore them, save for another extended bibliographical note after a passing reference to "journalism and sometimes pop journalism." Not one to indulge in polemics or personalities, he chooses to teach by example. After a few unexceptionable generalities about "the forces of passion and irrationality which are all about us," and the inadequacy of "amateur maxims of common sense" which historians often use to deal with or dismiss them, he presents us with examples of his own work.

Veteran academics are likely to find the first four examples irresistible reading, whatever their feelings about psychohistory. The titles of the essays explain why: "Emotional Problems of Graduate Education," "The Graduate Years: What Kind of Passage," "Love and Hate in the Academy," and "The Langer Family and the Dynamics of Shame and Success." However fascinating the subject may be, I should classify it as the sociology of an institution or a profession rather than as psychohistory—or history of any kind. The essays deal mainly with present-day relations between graduate students and their professors.

It is a bad scene from start to finish. For the students "the graduate process is one of transference regression to earlier situations and fantasies of childhood." Instead of growth it perpetuates "a psychology of domination and infantilization" that forces upon the student "the almost totally impotent position of dependent child." This fosters "hatred of rivals" along with "aggressive, jealous, and murderous wishes" as well as "anxiety, guilt, and inferiority feelings" and "feelings of defeat and frustration, inferiority and depression." "The five traumas" of today's students are "helplessness, dangerous rivalry, fear of incorporation, examinations, and final separation anxiety." The "tyranny of the teacher" and traditional methods of instruction "all tend to produce creative paralysis, unimaginative conformity, and intellectual submissiveness." Regression proceeds through oedipal phases and leads one of the author's friends to conclude that "You have to kill your *Doktor Vater* in order to be your own man," a position in which the author finds "an important element of truth."

It is Dr. Loewenberg's belief that anyone who has lived in "the ambiance of higher education for any length of time" will find the scene he describes



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familiar. As one who has lived in "the ambiance" as long as anyone around and spent most of the time teaching graduate students, I can only hope that my experience is more typical. It certainly is less depressing and frustrating. Granted that all teachers and scholars are more or less vain (who isn't?), that all students are more or less dependent (what apprentice isn't?), and that any human relationship involving dependency can become pathological, it does not follow that graduate schools are peculiarly or necessarily pathological. At least none of the several I have known bears much resemblance to the disturbed wards of Dr. Loewenberg's clinic.

The remaining essays in the collection, with one exception, would be better described as psychobiography than as psychohistory. Three of them are studies of prominent Jewish leaders from Austria: Theodor Herzl, founder of modern Zionism and "father of the State of Israel"; Victor and Friedrich Adler, "the leading family of Austrian Socialism," and Otto Bauer, who presided over the tragedy of Austrian Marxism. The subject of the fourth psychobiography is Heinrich Himmler, Hitler's head policeman and executioner. All are challenging subjects—Herzl, would-be playwright who, having "failed in the theater, turned politics into theater"; the Adlers, whose saga is "the most loving and deadly story of idealism and tragedy in modern political history"; Bauer, the "weak father" and "the personified ambivalence of the group who chose and supported him as the party leader"; and finally the revealing adolescence of the "repressed, robot-like, mechanized personality" of Heinrich Himmler.

Without necessarily agreeing with the hypothesis that "through personality studies" of political leaders we can understand historical movements "with the precision of clinical psychoanalysis," I must admit that these biographical studies illuminate much history. They speak well for Loewenberg's claims for the contribution that psychoanalysis can make to the understanding of biography—and history. It should be noted, however, that all these particular "analysands" left unusually rich and highly personal and revealing written records of their lives. The richest are those of Otto Bauer. It happens that the "Dora" of Freud's case by that name—"one of the classic case reports in the


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psychiatric literature," and "the first of Freud's great case histories"—was none other than Bauer's sister. Furthermore, Freud also treated Bauer's father and aunt, so that his report has aspects of a history of family therapy, rich in data about Bauer's childhood and youth. As a sometime biographer and director of several biographical studies, I can testify that these are hardly typical subjects. Far more typical is the subject whose childhood and youth are lost in obscurity. This is not to deny that psychoanalytic training and experience can be of great value in the rare instances where such records *are* available.

The only essay in the book that can properly be called history or psychohistory (rather than psychobiography or something else) is the final one on "The Psychological Origins of the Nazi Youth Cohort." To my mind it is the most successful and satisfying of the lot. Unlike the others, this study uses many varieties of historical evidence—demographic, economic, political, literary, military, quantitative, and comparative. The specific factors of the common experience that molded the Nazi youth cohort were "the prolonged absence of the parents, the return of the father in defeat, extreme hunger and privation, and a national defeat in war, which meant the loss of the prevailing political authority and left no viable replacement with which to identify." The portrait of the Nazi youth cohort that emerges is solid, three-dimensional, and persuasive, and its psychological origins are greatly clarified.

The prevailing skepticism of the historical profession will, of course, not be dispelled by this interesting defense of psychohistory. Even those sympathetically disposed or occasionally impressed will continue to be troubled by some things—for example the astonishing varieties of human behavior that can be associated with the oral, the anal, or the genital. They may feel at times as if they were under the sway of some powerful poet's metaphor about the Fall of Adam or the Curse of Oedipus Rex, or the spell of some mighty theologian with his burning conviction about Original Sin. Historians have in the past come to terms with poets and theologians and with other disciplines of more recent origin that claim to have the most powerful interpretive approach to history. In time they may reach a rapprochement with the new faith without joining its priesthood or wearing its cloth.

C. VANN WOODWARD

# HANDBOOK FOR REFORM

## How We Live: An Economic Perspective on Americans from Birth to Death by Victor R. Fuchs

(Harvard University Press, 293 pp., $17.50)

Our lives from birth to death are influenced more than ever before by the fluctuations of the market economy and by government policies. This fact has led Victor Fuchs to organize a vast amount of statistical information documenting these influences over the course of our lives. The bulk of *How We Live* consists of successive chapters on birth and infancy, childhood, adolescence and youth, young adulthood (ages twenty-five to forty-four), middle-aged adulthood (forty-five to sixty-four), and old age.

Fuchs is an economist, but unlike many of his colleagues who have turned their attention to demography, he is not trying to demonstrate that demographic behavior conforms to the economist's cherished cost-benefit model. His primary interest is in public policies, which typically aim to limit, guide, or counteract the effects of the market. After presenting the demographic and socioeconomic facts regarding fertility, health, education, employment, etc., Fuchs ends each chapter with a survey of the "public policy issues" raised by current trends and a review of possible alternative responses to them, assessing their relative desirability and likelihood of adoption. As a sociologist with some background in demography, I confess that I was predisposed to regard Fuchs's "economic perspective"—asserted in his subtitle—with a certain suspicion, but my fears proved to be unwarranted. Fuchs genuinely uses economic data and reasoning to illuminate the choices people make and yet remains quite free of the intellectually imperial view that economic analysis alone suffices to explain the choices.

FUCHS REVIEWS the crucial demographic measures of fertility and infant mortality in the chapter on birth and infancy following the introduction. The long downward trend of fertility in the United States began well over a century ago and Fuchs does not linger over its brief reversal in the 1940s and 1950s as do more superficial commentators on the recent resumption of the decline. Citing a representative statement by Nathan Keyfitz, a professional demographer, Fuchs lays particular stress on the mass entrance of women into the labor market as a likely permanent obstacle to any significant increase in fertility. The greater employment of women, indeed, runs like a colored thread through Fuchs's entire book as a major change influencing not only births, abortions, and contraceptive use but also marriage, divorce, child care, school performance, health, housing, income distribution at both the individual and household levels, Social Security and private pension and insurance plans. I shall try to follow this thread through the diverse array of information Fuchs presents, which means that I must unavoidably pass over many other significant items.

The chapter on young adulthood focuses on the great increase in the number of working women. By 1980 fully 45 percent of married women with children under six were employed and the proportions were even higher for other categories of women of working age (overall, 60 percent of women work). The trend began as long ago as 1890, but it accelerated threefold after 1950. Many other developments—higher age at marriage, the rise of illegitimacy and divorce, the decline of family size, the expansion of both nursery schools and nursing homes—are so intimately related to it that it is often hard to disentangle causes and effects. The femi-



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nist movement, for example, is sometimes credited with having spurred the trend; in fact, however, the movement emerged after the acceleration had been under way for some time. Fuchs thinks that the growth of real wages and of the service sector of the economy accounts for the rise in female labor force participation. As he notes, economists are prone to stress such factors. One wonders, however, whether they are not at work in complex ways with less tangible and measurable cultural changes. Changes in the status of women, in part the result of lower infant mortality and growing acceptance of birth control, began a long time ago.

Half of those women who are employed work less than full-time. Since even full-time female workers are more likely than men to withdraw periodically from the labor force, the increase in women's earnings in the course of their lives is slower than men's. Part-time and intermittent employment also accounts considerably for the continuing concentration of women in low-paying service jobs, many of them traditionally "feminine" occupations. Although in his introductory chapter Fuchs insists that economists are interested in what people *do* rather than in the "internal thought processes of the decision-maker," his effort to account for the persisting disadvantages of women wage earners compared to men brings him squarely up against one of the most embattled issues in the interpretation of gender differences. "Suppose," he suggests,

> that men wanted to have children and cared about their welfare more than women did. In order to induce women to bear their children and help raise them, men would have to make major concessions with respect to allocation of time, economic decision-making and the like. In other words, women would call the shots. It is obvious that this is not the case today.

REFLECTIONS on Fuchs's very down-to-earth data on labor market inequalities show that the heated controversies aroused by the issue of home and family versus career are far from being matters of "merely" theoretical or ideological debate. Fuchs confines himself to evaluating various proposals for improving the situation and prospects of women workers: publicly funded day-care centers, greater company benefits such as maternity/paternity leaves, tax subsidies for child care, housework and care for the aged. He assesses the gains to women and to families of these proposals, noting that their alleged financial advantages are often ambiguous when the overall burden is taken into account. Evidence from Sweden, "a country that has gone further than most in attempting to remove or compensate for the handicaps that women face because of their gender," reveals that marital tensions and divorces arising "primarily from the failure of men to take their share of responsibility for work at home and care of children" have by no means been eliminated.

Fuchs groups many of his most striking findings under the rubric of "the fading family." This has become a popular topic nowadays. The alleged "decline of the family" was already a major theme of sociologists when I was a student in the 1940s, although the dominant theoretical approach at the time held that the family's "loss of functions" in modern society was more than compensated for by its more concentrated and specialized role in providing love and emotional security. The data Fuchs presents make clear that this complacent outlook has not stood up well: the increases in illegitimacy, abortions, nonmarriage, childlessness, divorce, people living alone, households of unrelated persons and single parents (usually mothers) with children, nursery schools, hospital admissions, and nursing homes are overwhelming evidence.

SOME LIBERALS and radicals who are not disposed to shrug off these trends as inevitable side effects of a wholly desirable "personal liberation" blame them on the dehumanizing spread of "the market" and "capitalism" (often conflated into a single remorseless entity). Conservatives predictably blame egalitarianism and the welfare state it promotes. Certainly, the availability of goods and services outside the home has steadily expanded with the growth of the market since the very beginnings of capitalism. It is also true that egalitarians and meritocrats since Plato have regarded the family as the major obstacle to equality of opportunity and/or condition and that redistributive social policies have probably weakened it, especially in some low-income groups. Fuchs is no doctrinaire Friedmanite, for he contends that "the market alone cannot provide the basis for a good society" and that its successes have until now presupposed non-economic bonds among people including those of family. He concedes the family's central role in perpetuating inequality in opposition to the redistributive policies of enlightened democratic states, but also notes the considerable amount of redistribution that occurs *within* the family—from parents to children and to the elderly, as well as from income-earning or higher paid


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males to housekeeping or lower paid females.

Fuchs's conclusion that a balance must be struck between the market, the state, and the family, each limited to its own necessary contribution to society, is so broad that it can hardly be faulted. He does make some specific suggestions for "increased investment in children," properly observing that the area is more complex and uncertain than Social Security and health insurance where he also advances detailed proposals. In general, Fuchs prefers direct subsidies, or at least vouchers providing options, as opposed to the provision of goods and services tied to particular public or private agencies.

I HAVE omitted many of the topics on which Fuchs provides information and policy proposals. Several deserve at least brief mention. Though infant mortality in the United States has fallen to a level "not long ago . . . regarded as biologically unattainable," the black-white differential remains large; it is associated with lower birth weights among blacks that cannot plausibly be explained by differences in prenatal care linked to low economic status or to *any* obvious socioeconomic determinants such as income, education, and access to medical care. Contrary to popular belief, the well-known increase in teenage unemployment among blacks has not been greatest for youths in the urban ghettos but for black rural Southerners displaced by the mechanization of agriculture. We learn that there is an inverse relation between social class and the amount of time spent watching TV by children and adolescents. The studies Fuchs cites of the relation of TV watching, birth order, working mothers, and several other variables to school performance produce intriguing though far from conclusive results.

*How We Live* is a veritable handbook for reformers. Those concerned with policies affecting the family and the labor market especially cannot afford to ignore the information Fuchs assembles and the summaries and evaluations of existing policies he presents. There is material here for several political agendas in the years ahead.

DENNIS WRONG

Dennis Wrong is author of *Population and Society* (Random House).

**TRB**, *from page 6*

folly (a kind of reverse Murphy's Law) to base a whole economic game plan—with a national crash the alternative—on the belief that *all* of them will happen.

Who will tell the elderly, Pete Peterson wonders, that the system is basically unfair—not only to most of the elderly, but to almost all of those who are not? Who will say that people now retiring at sixty-five with a nonworking spouse will take out of the system between twenty-five and fifty times what each put in, depending on how you compute the employer's contribution and taxes already paid? Would it really be "inhuman" to tax the benefits of Social Security recipients who earn more than $30,000 annually? More than $40,000? Who will stand an ancient American stereotype on its head, and say that only 1 percent of the elderly receive their principal support from children or relatives, and fewer than 5 percent receive assistance from them that could be called income? In fact, the elderly are twice as likely to be providing financial help to their children as they are to be receiving it.

Peterson turned to federal and military pensions—which are, he points out, much more generous than those now regulated in private industry. Once more, while we are thinking of deficits, we should note that those pensions, in addition to being fully indexed to the cost of living, are totally unfunded. If the rules that govern private pension funds were applied to the feds, Peterson estimates that it would add $115 billion per year to the budget—that is to say, to the deficit.

And those deficits! In combination with the Fed's tight money policies, they are turning savings otherwise available for private capital investment into borrowing for publicly subsidized consumption by upper and middle economic groups. Peterson notes that five years of $200-billion deficits would nearly double the national debt, and the added interest costs alone would wipe out all the benefits of the Reagan tax cuts. But the President persists in the totally unrealistic notion that something called "spending" can be reduced even if Social Security and the Pentagon remain untouched. If this keeps up, Peterson thinks, the gender gap will be as nothing compared to the one between the generations.

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**AMMAN ALSO PROVIDES** fascinating glimpses into the current state of Palestinian and Jordanian thinking about the Arab-Israel conflict. Even though state-controlled radio and television provide a steady stream of anti-Israel propaganda, ordinary Jordanians and Palestinians quite openly express to me strikingly different views. I came to Jordan expecting to hear polemical, ideological expressions of anti-Israel sentiment. Instead I find an anger directed against Arab governments for their exploitation of the Palestinians' plight and for their corrupt redirection of international funds sent to help Palestinians in refugee camps in Arab states. I expected to hear the kind of allegiance to the P.L.O. one is used to hearing from the Palestinian intellectuals who have access to Western media. But not one of the forty or so ordinary Palestinians with whom I have spoken—tour guides, tourists from Saudi Arabia and other parts of the Arab world, hotel clerks, cab drivers, waiters—even mentions the P.L.O. as his or her representative, sole, legitimate, or otherwise. Only one person—a young man in his mid-twenties—even refers to the P.L.O. He is discussing what it is like for a Palestinian to cross the Allenby Bridge to the West Bank. Isn't it humiliating, I ask, to be strip-searched by Israelis, to have his shoes taken away and X-rayed, to be so thoroughly examined simply to visit his relatives in Jerusalem? Yes, he replies, it's unpleasant, and it takes a long time to cross, but how else can Israel determine that he is not a member of the P.L.O., trying to smuggle explosive devices hidden on his body?

**ANOTHER PALESTINIAN**, in his early thirties, tells me of his near and extended family, scattered across the Arab world, with residency papers from Iraq, Kuwait, and Saudi Arabia, but without citizenship anywhere. We are the new Jews of the world, he said. He was born and raised in Jerusalem and lived there until 1967, when he moved to the United States. Now a naturalized American citizen, he had been working in Saudi Arabia for two years. We spoke for three hours, always of the Middle East, of his sister in Amman and his mother and sister in Jerusalem. He was, like me, on his way to Jerusalem in a few days, though he had been in Amman many times before. He marveled at the wealth, prosperity, and cleanliness of the Jordanian capital, but his voice dropped when he cautioned me about its politics. Here, he said, people have no guaranteed rights, just as they have none in Saudi Arabia and many other Arab states. If you live to make money, you'll do fine. One false step—and you have no rights. In two days, he says, I'll cross the border to Israel to visit my mother and sister, and I'll be subjected to the indignities of a body search. But then I'll be in a different world. In Israel, he emphasizes, you can go where you want, say what you want, do what you wish to do within the law. If you get into trouble, it is a country of laws, with recourse to counsel, rights to trial—in short, a place where people can live freely.

**OTHER PALESTINIANS** tell me of the extensive commerce across the Jordan River from the West Bank and Gaza (whose agricultural bounderies, they want to make sure I understand, are not all that clear), which they do not wish to lose to Lebanon; and of the mutual benefits to Israel and Jordan of the continuing flow of goods and people. And though I am careful to speak only of the West Bank, Jerusalem, and Gaza, they all speak casually of Israel, just across what Jordan calls the King Hussein Bridge.

**THE PEOPLE** I encounter are not policymakers, or a sample of any elite. They are people working to make their living, weary of war, and cynical about the actions and intentions of governments and leaders. Coming to terms with Israel's reality requires from them no leap of faith; they are already coexisting with Israel. And they seem unexpectedly sensitive to Israel's security dilemmas. Anwar Sadat used to say that when he went to Jerusalem in November 1977, he was not leading his people toward peace; he was following them. For the Palestinians of Jordan and the rest of the Middle East, it remains a continuing tragedy that their desire for peace is not yet matched by actions of courageous leaders. If my Palestinian acquaintances are representative of their families and friends, real peace is not simply a fantasy. The American government, they hope, will somehow be able to see beyond official Arab rejectionism and bring their leaders to a peace which they and the Israelis so desperately want.

**HOWARD STANISLAWSKI**

Howard Stanislawski teaches international relations at Brandeis University and Wellesley College.



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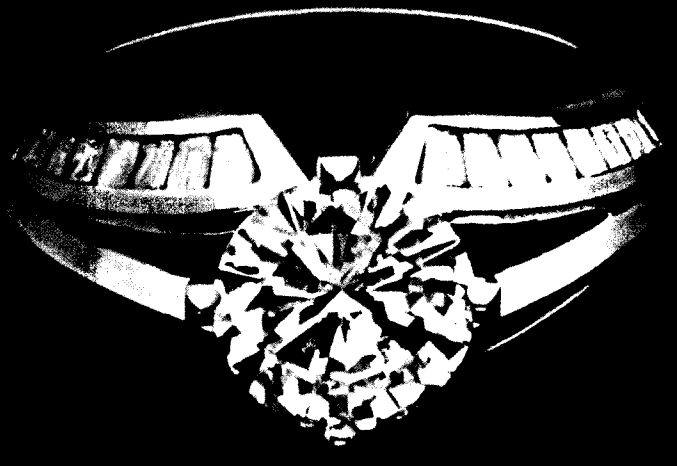

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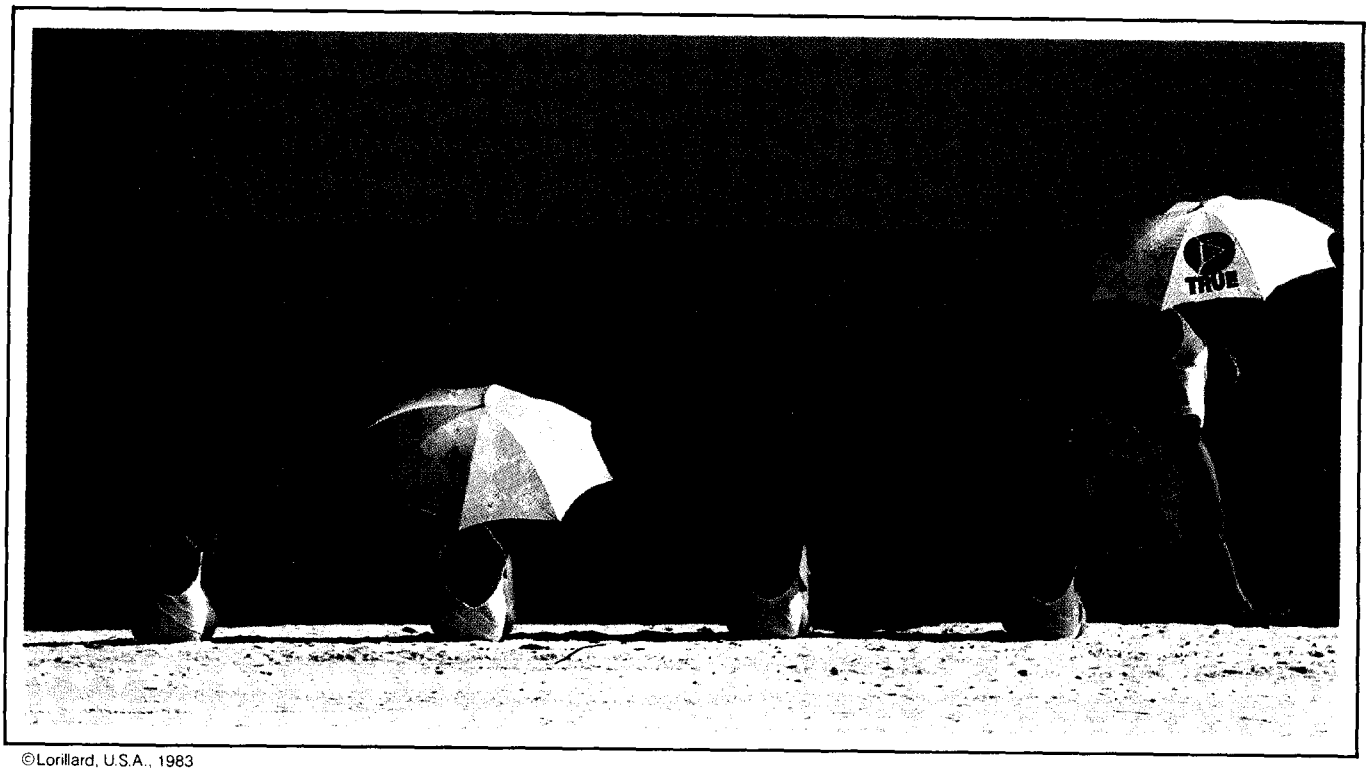
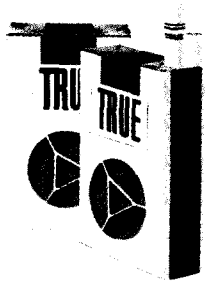



©Lorillard, U.S.A., 1983

# You found it. True.

Exceptional taste
in an ultra low tar.

Shouldn't your
next cigarette
be True?




King size: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1983.

**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**

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